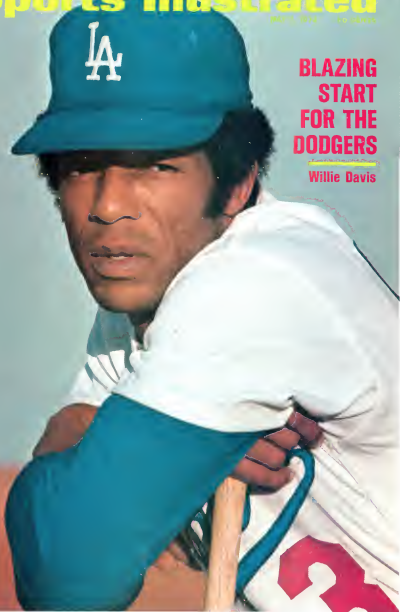


# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 1974 \$1.50

## BLAZING START FOR THE DODGERS

Willie Davis



# The Spalding Top-Flite<sup>®</sup> is absolutely the longest legal ball you can play.



## Here's proof:

This was no isolated lab test. This was the Nation-wide Consumer Testing Institute conducting a bona fide face-off between our new, unique two-piece



Top-Flite and seven other leading balls that dominate the top grade professional golf ball market: Top-Flite vs. Titleist, Wilson Staff, Royal Plus 6, Maxfli, Faultless, Hogan Apex and our own Dot. Sixteen top touring and club pros hit each brand the same number of times using their own woods and irons. The Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute measured, recorded and tabulated every single

hit. The results are conclusive: off the tee, the Spalding Top-Flite was over 10 yards longer than the next longest ball. Off the irons, Top-Flite was nearly 12 yards longer. The reason our revolutionary Top-Flite goes farther is really quite simple: its unique, two-piece construction puts more

weight to the outside so it gets more carry out of its own momentum. Another plus: its super-tough Gyrolon<sup>®</sup> cover will give you more rounds. The new Spalding Top-Flite golf ball may just be the single most important contribution to the modern game.

Results from the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc.  
test conducted Jan. 18, 19, 20, 1972, Tucson, Arizona

Category	Top-Flite Avg Yards	Leading Competitive Balls Tested Average Yards							Avg Yards for all balls tested
		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	
Woods - Carry	238.8	224.5	217.0	227.2	223.6	215.1	227.3	228.6	224.7
Woods - Total Distance	261.6	246.1	239.0	248.7	242.8	235.7	248.7	251.3	246.5
Irons - Carry	179.4	170.3	169.8	172.6	167.8	163.5	171.7	170.0	170.6
Irons - Total Distance	194.2	179.1	179.2	182.4	177.5	173.7	180.8	178.8	180.7

Summary of test available from Spalding on request



# SPALDING



THAT ELEGANT STRAIGHT-8  
(It's never been outclassed.)



The Car:  
a classic  
straight-8 Packard.  
The 1931 Dual Cowl  
Phaeton with  
front and rear  
wind-locks and  
detachable trunk.

The Whiskey:  
the elegant  
straight-8 bourbon by  
Hiram Walker himself.  
Aged 8 years  
in the oak and  
never outclassed.

WALKER'S DELUXE  
That elegant straight-8



# Penn Mutual's QUALITY AWARD.



George H. Edzward  
Chicago, Ill.



Thomas P. Doherty, C.U.  
Madison, Wis.



Warren F. Cole  
Desh Moines, Wis.



John B. Danewski, C.U.  
Milwaukee, Wis.



Joseph M. Grogan  
Saginaw, Mich.



Jack C. Krause  
Lansing, Mich.



Robert A. Margolis  
Chicago, Ill.



Robert J. Melman  
Desh Moines, Wis.



David Mikulak  
Lansing, Mich.



Dustin Miller, C.U.  
Milwaukee, Wis.



Keith Miller  
Milwaukee, Wis.



David L. Seesholtz, C.U.  
Desh Moines, Wis.



Ray B. Simon, C.U.  
Chicago, Ill.



Alfred D. Sacha  
Saginaw, Mich.



Donald G. Sorenson  
Grand Haven, Mich.



Paul L. Stanley  
Southfield, Mich.

## Could YOUR qualify for

These executive underwriters have earned the Quality Award because they know how to bring the past into the present and then project it into the future. They plan long-range insurance for their clients—and they work closely with their clients to update and revise their programs, to be sure they continue to meet individual situations.

In other words, they aren't only good; they're consistent at being good. And that makes them rare, indeed.



F. H. Bachman, C.U.  
Madison, Wis.



Marcus A. Balaga  
Detroit, Mich.



Robert G. Beadles, C.U.  
Detroit, Mich.



Wayne E. Bress  
Lansing, Mich.



John G. Brandon  
Peoria, Ill.



A. Jerry Fisher  
Elmhurst, Ill.



Joseph A. Eadsden, C.U.  
Lansing, Mich.



Walter N. Heller, C.U.  
Chicago, Ill.



Robert L. Jonacki  
Detroit, Mich.



Jerome R. Jones  
Chicago, Ill.



John J. Joo, Jr., C.U.  
Chicago, Ill.



William A. Mueller  
Green Bay, Wis.



David E. Nathan  
Milwaukee, Wis.



W. Henry Pender, C.U.  
Saginaw, Mich.



Roger R. Reed, C.U.  
Chicago, Ill.



William G. Schmidt  
Chicago, Ill.



Walter J. Scott  
Dubuque, Wis.



Ed Sellen, C.U.  
Ipsit, Mich.



Raymond R. Thomas  
Arlington, Ill.



Dennis D. Trull  
Green Bay, Wis.



Robert P. Ulin  
Ann Arbor, Mich.



John A. Williams, Jr., C.U.  
Peoria, Ill.

# insurance man this honor?

Additional members of Penn Mutual's Quality Award will be seen in copies of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** circulated in other sections of the country.

Back of Your  
Independence  
Stands the  
Penn Mutual



## THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. • Founded 1847

Life and Health Insurance • Annuities • Pension  
and Profit-Sharing Plans • Complete Group Coverage

# "After our first Moon landing, I resolved I would never publicly endorse any product or service unless I sincerely believed in it."



Apollo 11 Astronaut, Buzz Aldrin, discusses the Computerized Self-Analysis system in every 1972 Volkswagen.

**"Everything after a Moonwalk is a letdown. You just can't top it.**

**So instead, you adjust. You adjust to a world that's a far cry from perfection."**

Or at least the kind of perfection that took Buzz Aldrin to the Moon and then brought him back within a quarter mile of an aircraft carrier carrying the President of the United States.

Then it's over and there he is. With a Doctor of Science degree from MIT and a walk on the Moon under his belt, in a world, that at times, seems absolutely chaotic.

Then, something comes along that makes a great deal of sense to him. And he becomes enthused.

**"In analogy with the manned space flight programs, past, present and future, which pioneered computer check-out systems, the present VW system compares with the early Mercury flights of Shepard, Grissom and Glenn."**

Volkswagen's Computerized Self-Analysis system:

If you own a 1972 VW, it means getting the most advanced automotive check-up there is.

**"The car, truly, is wired along the same principles as a space craft."** (Nothing like asking the man who manned one.)

In its simplest terms, it's a network of check points and sensors throughout the car; each sensor reporting the condition of various key points in the car to one central socket.

The socket, when plugged into a computer, which will be at

VW's dealers, arriving later this year, will automatically report the condition of your car directly to you.

Altogether, 45 vital service points will be checked. The results will then be printed out on a sheet of paper in plain English, for you to read.

**"Keeping that print-out sheet after each check-up is like checking in with Mission Control when you're 200,000 miles out in space. It gives you a nice, secure feeling."**

It also gets you home quicker.

For instance, to check cylinder compression the conventional way today, a mechanic has got to do the following: remove each spark plug, insert a gauge, crank the engine, take a reading, make a decision and then put each spark plug back.

At top speed, the procedure takes 10 minutes and 40 seconds for four cylinders.

With the new VW system, it takes 60 seconds.

So there you have it.

Instead of a mechanic telling you what's wrong with your car, now your car and your dealer's computer can tell you.

It took Volkswagen 7 years and enough money to develop and market an entirely new automobile to come out with Computerized Self-Analysis.

Why such a concentrated effort on service rather than, let's say, a new, longer, lower Beetle?

Basically for the same reason Colonel Buzz Aldrin decided to publicly support it.

The reason is known as progress.

*Postscript: Earlier this year, Volkswagen felt it had something advanced enough to show, not only to a man who walked on the Moon, but also a man who was intimately familiar with the subject of computerized check-out and testing.*

*After a series of meetings and after seeing the system in operation and after learning of the plans to bring in the computers starting later this year, Colonel Aldrin's response, very simply, was "I'm impressed."*



# Contents

MAY 1, 1972 Volume 36, No. 18

Cover photograph by Herb Scherfman

## 18 The Boys of Spring

And perhaps summer and fall, too. The alert Los Angeles Dodgers get off to a running start

## 22 One Stick Rebuilds a Dynasty

Lacrosseman Jack Thomas leads Hopkins to victory over Army—and back to its former high ranking

## 24 Goodby, Chj, Hello (Gulp), Hub

New York hockey fans are jubilant over a blitz of Chicago but nervous about their next Stanley Cup foe

## 26 Back at the Other Game . . .

While everybody watched the Lakers win the West, the East produced a deceptive challenger in the Knicks

## 34 When the Sun Shines Bright

Come Derby Day, Lexington is all free-wheelers and rowdy sport. An artist's rendering in script and sketch

## 40 A Champion Fated Not to Reign

In the concluding installment of his intimate story Jackie Stewart reflects on the death of his friend, Jochen Rindt

## 80 Just a Decent Bloke

This is an apt description of Ken Rosewall off court, but put a racket in his hand and he'll clobber a clobber

## The departments

- |                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 13 Scorecard       | 74 Golf           |
| 56 People          | 77 Mountaineering |
| 59 Baseball's Week | 93 For the Record |
| 62 Pro Football    | 94 19th Hole      |
| 68 Horse Racing    |                   |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 741 North Parkbank Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKenough, Treasurer; Charles B. Nease, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each subscription office in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year; military personnel only \$6.00 in the world \$8.50 a year, all others \$18.00 a year.

Credits on page 93

## Next week

EAST IS EAST and west is west, but eventually the teams will meet—in the Kentucky Derby, where the colts gather from around the land. Whinney Tower previews the big race.

A MAKER OF MEN, of successful pitchers and Managers of the Year, Johnny Sain wins the esteem of those he teaches but in the process he often loses his coaching job.

IN THE LONG RUN the marathon is no bed of roses, but in Japan Kenny Moore discovers that a little concentration on chrysanthemums soothes the mind, if not the feet.

A photograph of a golfer with blonde hair, wearing a white polo shirt and dark trousers, captured in the middle of a golf swing on a green. The background is a dense line of trees.

# IMPACT

## That's where it all happens.

Professional golfers know that maximum club head speed at impact means greater distance. MacGregor's exclusive new TEE SOLE woods are designed to give you greater speed at impact. Our soles are smaller than those of conventional woods. This creates less turf drag. The result is consistently longer, more accurate shots from fairway or short rough. Play MacGregor TEE SOLE woods and enjoy greater confidence with every shot. **Winners play MacGregor.**

Sold exclusively through professional golf shops.

*Tourway*  
1

**MacGregor**  
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

BRANSWICK CORPORATION • DEPARTMENT P445  
1-75 AT JAMESON ROAD • CINCINNATI, OHIO 45215







FOUR LENS  
COMBINATIONS



50mm lens for control over  
normal pictures



100mm lens with tele-  
converter for creative  
portrait work



135mm automatic tele-  
photo lens for medium-  
distance shots



270mm lens with tele-  
converter for long-range  
shots



PLUS Electronic flash and  
for interior shots



MONTGOMERY  
**WARD**



# SAVE \$101

## MAMIYA/SEKOR CAMERA OUTFIT

*A super value developed in honor of  
Wards 100th anniversary—see it now!*

Now, Mamiya/Sekor has built two metering systems into its 1000 DTL camera. (Most other 35mm cameras have only one metering system.) Its unique "creative switch" lets you choose between "average" or "spot" readings. It lets you, the photographer, create a story with light. Included Vivitar accessories are the 135mm telephoto lens, electronic flash and 2X teleconverter; plus an accessory shoe and deluxe fitted "pro" case. All accessories are made to give you maximum flexibility from portrait to hunting shots—indoors or out. \$380.60 combination. CHARGE IT!...\$279 "How to Photograph Sports" Booklet is yours free just for coming in and examining this outfit. No Wards store nearby? See Wards Summer Sale Catalog, page 251, or send your order with your name and address to: Montgomery Ward, Dept. 67 B-7, National Sales Manager, P.O. Box 8339, Chicago, Ill. 60680.



# Want to fly? Here's your first lesson.

Been hankering to learn to fly, but worried it might be too hard to learn? No need to think so. Modern airplanes and the new training system introduced by Piper Flite Centers have greatly simplified learning and reduced the time it takes to become a good, safe, competent pilot.

All you really need is the desire to tackle something that's a little challenging and the kind of a mind that enjoys accomplishing something out of the ordinary.

Let's take a preview of your first lesson in a Piper Cherokee.

## How do you start?

Before you actually fly any airplane, you and your instructor give it a visual walkaround inspection. This is just one of the safety checks that are routine in any flight.

When you climb into the pilot's seat you may say, "Look at all those instruments!" But they're easy to sort out. Many are familiar from your car—speedometer, oil pressure, clock, tachometer, and the like. Others have obvious uses—like the altimeter to tell you how high you are and the compass to tell direction.

Starting is as simple as starting a car. Just turn the key.

From the beginning you sit in the pilot's seat—the left seat—with your instructor alongside at dual controls. As you taxi for take-off you learn to steer with gentle pressures on foot pedals: left foot to turn left and vice versa.

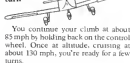


## The take-off

Lined up on the runway, you apply power by pushing the throttle forward. As you pick up speed your wide-track Piper tricycle landing gear helps you keep rolling straight and true.

At take-off speed—about 65 mph in a Piper Cherokee—you ease back on the control wheel, the wings take on lift, and you're flying.

## How you climb and turn



You continue your climb at about 85 mph by holding back on the control wheel. Once at altitude, cruising at about 130 mph, you're ready for a few turns.

To turn left, turn the control wheel left and apply gentle pressure on the left pedal. This turns the plane and puts it into a gentle bank; return to level flight by reversing the process.



## The landing

The modern, low-wing design of your Piper Cherokee builds up a "cushion" of air under the wings as you approach the runway. It helps you to a feather-soft landing. Your instructor will show you how to ease back on the control wheel so that the nose hits a trifle and the plane settles to a perfect landing.

## Your first solo

From then on it's just a matter of following the step-by-step course used by Piper Flite Centers coast to coast. You improve with each lesson and learn in easy stages.

Most people solo after 8 to 12 hours of instruction. Then the fun mounts; you go off alone building up flight time and proficiency.



## Earning your license

Students who follow the Piper Flite Center program usually get their private license in about 50 hours of flight time, about 20 percent less flying hours than the national average.

## \$5 for your first lesson

An introductory lesson at a Piper Flite Center costs only \$5. And a Special Flying Start Course offered only at a Piper Flite Center gives you four lessons, your own log book and preliminary ground school instruction for only \$88.

## Act now

Use the coupon below to get a complete Flight Information Kit, which includes Let's Fly!, 20-page illustrated booklet on learning to fly/Piper Flite Center Private Pilot Syllabus and Directory/Special money-saving first flight lesson coupon. Visit your Piper Flite Center (listed in the Yellow Pages) for your first flight lesson. See if you're up to this exciting challenge.

	<b>PIPER</b> Aircraft Corporation Lock Haven, Pa. 17745	
	Gentlemen, \$1 - 5 Please send me my free FLIGHT INFORMATION KIT.	
Name _____		
Address _____		
City _____ State _____		
Zip _____ Phone _____		

# Unusual Offer

during May only



**Even if your trip is months away  
...whether overseas or in the U.S.A. —  
buy in May and save up to \$48!**

**Up to \$5000 worth of First National City  
Travelers Checks for a fee of only \$2.  
Sold at thousands of banks everywhere.**

## See how much you can save

The normal fee for travelers checks is a penny per dollar (\$1 per \$100). But now, just in time for summer vacations, you can save as much as \$48 (see chart below), because of this remarkable offer. (Less than \$200 worth still costs you less than \$2). So don't miss this May only opportunity!

Amount of Travelers Checks	Usual fee	May fee	YOU SAVE
\$ 300	\$ 3.00	\$2.00	\$ 1.00
500	5.00	2.00	3.00
1,000	10.00	2.00	8.00
2,500	25.00	2.00	23.00
5,000	50.00	2.00	48.00

## Welcomed Worldwide

For over 67 years, First National City has been in the travelers check business. Millions of places in America and overseas honor First National City Travelers Checks. They are known as well in Timbuktu as in Toledo.

## Refunded Everywhere

With First National City Travelers Checks, there are thousands more refund points than any other travelers check. If they're lost or stolen, you can

get fast, on-the-spot refunds at over 32,000 refund points in the U.S. and throughout the world. They're really better than cash.

To locate the nearest refund office anywhere abroad (plus Alaska and Hawaii) ask at any principal hotel. They're all regularly supplied with an updated list of all First National City Travelers Checks refund points in their area. In the Continental U.S.A., simply call, toll-free: 800-243-6000.

## Smart to Use at Home or Work

Thousands more people each year realize that even when they're not traveling abroad, the safest, best way to carry money is to use First National City Travelers Checks. Whenever you have any sum of money on hand — for a weekend, on a short trip, right at home or in the office — protect your money — keep it in travelers checks instead of cash.

## Buy Now. Travel Later

Take advantage of our Unusual Offer and buy First National City Travelers Checks during May. Then keep them on hand throughout the year either for vacation or against the time you may need cash for emergency.

Offer good only in the U.S. & Puerto Rico — and ends May 31st 1972. So, to protect your cash against loss or theft — act now.

**First National City Travelers Checks    Ask for them at your bank.**



*If this were an ordinary gin, we would  
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.  
Charles Tanqueray*

# You can still drive a bargain at Avis.

While everything else in the world seems to be going sky-high, Avis is full of ways for you to get a deal: day, week, or weekend specials... combinations and packages through us or your travel agent.

Take a look at the nine bargains below and you'll see just what we mean.

## Florida Safari

Florida Safari is a special package that includes a round-trip flight to Orlando, a rental car, and a hotel stay. It's the perfect way to explore the state's natural beauty and enjoy the sun and sand.

## 7-11 Day

7-11 Day is a special package that includes a round-trip flight to Hawaii, a rental car, and a hotel stay. It's the perfect way to enjoy the island's beauty and enjoy the sun and sand.

## 7-11 Weekend

7-11 Weekend is a special package that includes a round-trip flight to Hawaii, a rental car, and a hotel stay. It's the perfect way to enjoy the island's beauty and enjoy the sun and sand.

## 7-11 Week

7-11 Week is a special package that includes a round-trip flight to Hawaii, a rental car, and a hotel stay. It's the perfect way to enjoy the island's beauty and enjoy the sun and sand.

## Hawaii Unlimited Mileage

Hawaii Unlimited Mileage is a special package that includes a round-trip flight to Hawaii, a rental car, and a hotel stay. It's the perfect way to enjoy the island's beauty and enjoy the sun and sand.

## 12-11

12-11 is a special package that includes a round-trip flight to Hawaii, a rental car, and a hotel stay. It's the perfect way to enjoy the island's beauty and enjoy the sun and sand.

## Dine on Avis

Dine on Avis is a special package that includes a round-trip flight to Hawaii, a rental car, and a hotel stay. It's the perfect way to enjoy the island's beauty and enjoy the sun and sand.

## See America, 109 Unlimited Mileage

See America, 109 Unlimited Mileage is a special package that includes a round-trip flight to Hawaii, a rental car, and a hotel stay. It's the perfect way to enjoy the island's beauty and enjoy the sun and sand.

## See America, 109 Rent it here, leave it there

See America, 109 Rent it here, leave it there is a special package that includes a round-trip flight to Hawaii, a rental car, and a hotel stay. It's the perfect way to enjoy the island's beauty and enjoy the sun and sand.

**Avis is going to be No.1. We try harder.**

# Never a rough puff



## Come all the way up to KOOL

Never a rough puff. Not with the taste of extra coolness in Kools. And now, for more smooth sailing, we're offering you the world's most popular sailboat, the Sea Snark. Ordinarily you'd pay about \$120 for this portable, unsinkable eleven-foot sailboat. But you can get it from Kool for only \$88 (delivered) and one Kool carton end flap (BankAmericard or Master Charge acceptable). So get Kool and stay cool, with the Sea Snark, and the only cigarette with the taste of extra coolness, Kool.

### COOL OFFER:

Special bargain price covers delivery of a complete sailboat (pictured at right), including thirty-pound molded polystyrene hull, aluminum mast and spars, forty-five square-foot nylon sail, fittings, lines, rudder, centerboard and sailing instruction booklet.

Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. This offer expires 12/31/72, is limited to U.S.A., and is open only to those 21 years of age or over.

Make certified check or money order payable to Kool Boat Offer, Mail to Box 2000, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

Please send me ☐ SEA SNARK(S). For each boat I enclose a carton end flap from any size KOOL plus \$88. ☐ Certified check ☐ Money order ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Acct. # \_\_\_\_\_ Expires \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71.

We have a very strong respect for other people's money.

The 1972 mid-size Ford Torino is very strong proof of it.

The new Torino now has a rugged body/frame construction like our quiet Ford LTD.

And a tough new rear suspension.

Torino's even built a little heavier and a little wider this year.

It's so solid on the road, steady on the curves and smooth on the bumps, we've been calling it the "Easy Handler."

Torino's even bigger inside.



With Torino's standard front disc brakes, you *stop*. Really Stop!

And you'll like the reassuringly positive feel of Torino's new integral power steering. (It's optional.)

And Ford did all this to make Torino a better value for you... quite possibly more car than you expected.

And quiet because it's a Ford. See for yourself at your Ford Dealer's.



Gold Torino Hardtop. One of 9 new models. Bucket seat interior. Vinyl roof, wheel trim rings and white wheel all tires are optional.

More car than you expected.  
**FORD TORINO**

FORD DIVISION





# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## YOU HAVE EARS BUT HEAR NOT

Because athletes have been warned so often against using drugs, it is sometimes hard to believe the problem is still serious. But at least one NFL owner says it is, and because of that he is enthusiastic about the upcoming White House seminar on drugs in athletics. Player representatives from teams in football and other professional sports will be on hand, which is good, the owner says, because athletes who participate in the seminar should be able to get the drug message over to their teammates. "When the doctors talk to the players about the dangers of drugs," the owner says sadly, "it's like talking to the school for the deaf."

## AFTERMATH

Despite the obdurate position of owners like Gussie Busch of the St. Louis Cardinals, the players seem to be taking the brunt of adverse public reaction to the recent baseball strike, catcalls from the stands mocking players indiscriminately. A less emotional but possibly more valid criticism comes from J. Norman Lewis, an attorney who in the 1950s was as much anathema to the owners as Marvin Miller is now. Lewis was the players' lawyer and representative and worked closely with stars like Ralph Kiner and Allie Reynolds in hammering out the pension contract of 1954. Now he feels strongly that current major-leaguers are greedy and selfish in refusing to share today's bonanza with older, retired players. Major-leaguers who finished their careers before the pension plan was established have never participated in it, and those who played only during its earlier years receive comparatively little. Rip Sewell, the old cephus-ball pitcher whose 13 seasons in the majors ended in 1949, gets \$216 a month. Lewis says, whereas a current player with a similar career would get \$1,542.80. "What kind of sympathy can I have for these kids?" he asks. "The funny thing is, their whole pitch [in the strike]

involved a cost-of-living increase."

When the original plan was set up it included all post-World War II players. "I promoted the idea in 1954," Lewis says, "that all increases from then on take into account all these players, active, inactive or retired." Instead, he says, in the five-year contracts negotiated in 1962 and 1967 older players were removed from the new pension rolls in five-year increments. A resentful Allie Reynolds, thus lopped, went so far as to sue the players' association, unsuccessfully, for their action.

## THE JUDD-OO CAPER

Two naked coeds may be the most stimulating thing ever to happen to Vanderbilt University's McGugin Center, focus of athletic activity on campus. The sauna at McGugin Center had been exclusively male until the two girls appeared one day to undress and bask in the moist 180° heat. "It didn't take long for a crowd to gather," said Equipment Manager Bill Kelly. "People who came to play handball decided to take a sauna before going to the courts instead of after." Les Lyke, an ex-Vanderbilt football player, was in the dressing room when the young women came out of the shower. "For the first time in my life I was speechless," Lyke remarked. "Finally I said, 'How are you doing?' They said they were doing fine, and I couldn't think of anything else to ask them." Then the girls dressed and left.

The two girls, splendidly named Wiget Judd and Mae King Go, said they were not crusaders. "We didn't do it to cause any trouble," said Wiget. "We knew there would be a few raised eyebrows, but since the university had to be prodded to allow women to use the sports center in the first place, we saw no reason not to take advantage of that decision to open the sauna to everyone." Mae, who is Mississippi Chinese, added that there was no scandal since no crowd had gathered—unless six men can be considered a crowd.

Athletic Director Bill Pace said, "We had decided earlier that McGugin Center facilities were open for the use of all students when there was no conflict with varsity programs. We hadn't thought about the sauna." Technical difficulties would have to be worked out, he added, since the sauna is near the men's shower "and we have no intention of mixing that area." But, henceforth, women students would be able to use it under a reserved-time system.

## GENUFECTION

Really, golf is such an easy game. Take Dave Ragini. He used to be No. 1 man on Yale's golf team, but then Yale is hardly Wake Forest, is it? Last year he became the third amateur in half a century to win the Westchester County Open, but who ever heard of the Westchester County Open? Ragini is not even a scratch golfer—he labors under a two handicap—and to cap it all, he makes his living singing in radio and TV commercials (one of his golden oldies is *M-m-m, M-m-m Good... That's What Campbell's Soup Is*). In other words, when Nicklaus is out on the prac-



tice tee, sharpening his swing, Ragini is in the studio, clearing his throat and running up and down the scale a few times.

O.K. A couple of Sundays ago Ragini bet his friend Ed Hogan \$50 he could beat him over 18 holes, driving from his knees. He would kneel down on each tee, he said, and swing from there. You're on, said Hogan, and off they went. After nine holes Ragini was 3-up, but you know how it is with knees.

continued



# “We have a reason for urging you to dial your Long Distance calls direct rather than call person-to-person: We save as well as you.”

If you're one of the many who've been trying to convince yourself that your telephone is Long Distance, dial direct rather than call person-to-person.

The argument makes sense for you because direct calls are often less than half the cost of person-to-person calls.

It makes sense for us, too. Our direct calls are 6¢ or cheaper for the phone company to handle. When you dial direct, you do most of the work.

There's no difference in the quality of the call, either. What makes the difference, indeed, is the fact that direct calls do not involve the operator.

So interstate dial direct rates don't apply to calls made to person calls or coin phone, payphone, collect and hotel, travel calls, or to calls charged to another number—because the operator must get involved in such calls. And this 6¢ direct rate applies to calls to or from Hawaii and Alaska.

Now that you know how much you can save by dialing direct, you can see how the rate shown on the chart

**Examples of rates for various types of calls  
8 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday\***

	Person to- Person	Station- Operator- Assisted	Station- Dial-it- Yourself
Atlanta, Ga. to Birmingham, Ala.	\$1.25	\$ .80	\$ .70
Washington, D.C. to Pittsburgh, Pa.	1.35	.85	.75
Los Angeles, Calif. to Phoenix, Ariz.	1.90	1.25	.95
Kansas City, Mo. to Dallas, Tex.	2.15	1.35	1.00
New York, N.Y. to Chicago, Ill.	2.40	1.45	1.05
San Francisco, Calif. to Philadelphia, Pa.	3.55	1.95	1.35

\*Rates referred to in the columns above are for three-minute calls, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday. Our plan rates apply on all interstate direct calls without operator assistance from business or residence phones anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) and on calls placed with an operator where direct calling facilities are not available. Our direct rates do not apply to person-to-person or coin phone, credit card and collect calls, and on calls charged to another number. All rates plus tax.



# Wilson X-31. For the golfer who wants to get the ball in the air more often and hit it farther.

The Wilson X-31 is made for players who are less than consistent in getting the ball up off the fairway and are being robbed of important distance on too many shots.

To help them get the ball up consistently we've designed the X-31 irons with the "radius sole".

It is extremely wide, and is curved from leading edge to back in a gentle arc similar to that of a normal golf swing. (see top diagram)

This curvature allows the club head to flow through the shot smoothly, sliding easily across the turf without dragging or digging in.

And as a further safeguard against digging in, the leading edge of the X-31 is beveled.

Notice, too, that the extra width of the sole puts greater weight below the center line of the ball on impact so that the power of the stroke is delivered low on the ball. Result: fast lift and extra yardage.

The X-31 sole is also contoured from heel to toe.

Since a smaller segment of the sole comes in contact with the turf, there's little chance of digging in, or for "turf drag". (see bottom diagram) Result: more club head speed and greater accuracy.

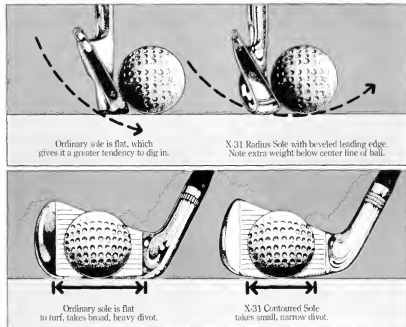
If you find yourself digging in when you attempt to get under the ball, or if you're losing too much distance and accuracy because of turf drag, the flat-sole clubs you're playing now aren't going to help you very much, or very soon.

Next time you're around the pro shop, hit a few with a Wilson X-31.

You're probably a lot better golfer than you think you are.

## Wilson X-31 Clubs

For shots that get up faster and go farther.



Joe Namath and all that. Ragani lost the 10th, lost the 11th, lost the 12th. Things looked bad as they went to the 207-yard par-3 13th all even. The confident Hogan drove first and put his shot 10 feet from the pin. Ragani, desperate now, took a three-wood, knelt, swung—and put the ball in the cup for a hole in one. It was the first hole in one he had ever made.

From then on it was easy. Ragani won all five of the remaining holes from the demoralized Hogan, shot an 80 to his opponent's 89, pocketed the \$50 and ambled off, probably rubbing his knees and almost certainly humming *M-m-m, M-m-m Good*.

#### NO-FAULT

The Chinese table-tennis players currently paddling around the country are covered by a U.S. insurance policy. The National Committee for U.S.-China Relations asked the CNA Insurance Company for a blanket 24-hour accidental death and dismemberment policy. If "anything happens" (as insurance men like to say) the committee could collect up to \$25,000—or 56,666 yuan—as beneficiary, but what happens then is not clear. A CNA man in New York said, "I could say the money would eventually go to a beneficiary in China but, frankly, I don't know if they have beneficiaries in China. I could say it would eventually go to a deceased team member's estate, but I don't even know if they have estates in China."

In any case, the National Committee would hold the money in trust for the Chinese Table Tennis Association, which might react with surprise, since right now the insured players apparently are unaware that the insurance policy exists. There is even the possibility that, coming from an isolated Communist country, they might ask, "What is an insurance policy?"

#### DANGEROUS RADICAL

Minor league baseball (SI, April 24) is a constant scramble, with the shrewd operators always coming up with clever promotional ideas to attract spectators. One of the liveliest of these is Charlie Blaney, who runs the Albuquerque Dukes of the Pacific Coast League (the Pacific Coast has to cut considerably inland to reach New Mexico, but never mind about that). Blaney comes up with things like 10¢ beer nights, baseball bingo, free-

works, players sitting in the stands giving autographs, hot dog night (eat all the franks you can), women's lib night (men get in for half price) and lots and lots of giveaways.

This year Blaney, striving for the ultimate, came up with an idea so sensational it might revolutionize the minor league game. It is so big he is going to try it only once this season, On July 8 Albuquerque fans will be treated to No-Promotion Night. Nothing is going to happen. No gimmicks, no gags, no giveaways, no price reductions on tickets or concessions. Just straight baseball. Albuquerque vs. Tacoma, and that's it.

Baseball will tense for the result. Good lord! Suppose No-Promotion Night outdraws the other 73 home dates? Bill Vecek's artificial leg will be spinning in its socket.

#### MONEY MONEY EVERYWHERE

It is not just college basketball players who are under pressure to enter professional ranks while they are still undergraduates. It's happening in tennis, too. Rice's Harold Solomon is passing up the Southwest Conference tennis tournament to play in a pro event at Columbus, Ga. Rice Coach Sammy Giammalva refuses to criticize his player's decision even though Solomon, ranked No. 10 in the country, won the Southwest Conference singles and doubles titles last year as a freshman.

"Ninety-nine percent of his college matches are a waste of time," says Giammalva. "He's so much better than the others. At Columbus if he loses his first-round match he still gets \$650. If he wins the tournament he gets \$4,500. That could pay for his college education."

"There is so much money available today that I don't blame any boy for turning pro. Jimmy Connors quit UCLA this year, and in three months has earned \$35,000. At that rate he'll have a \$100,000 year. I don't think Solomon will win as regularly as Connors, but if endorsements are included he should make \$25,000 by the time he returns to school in September."

#### A LOT OF POLE

A British magazine called *Athletics Weekly* tells of a radical new pole that Mike Bull, Britain's best vaulter, hopes to use when he is fully recovered from a muscle injury in his thigh. The Rola-Pole, an Italian invention, was designed

with an eye to ending the travail of vaulters obliged to lug rigid 16-foot poles around in airplanes, trains, buses and taxis. "The pole is constructed of a finely woven mixture of nylon and glass fibre," says *Athletics Weekly*, "with a hole drilled down the center. It can be rolled up and carried around like a garden hose, yet when a specially developed core is added, it acts like a normal pole. The core is a special alloy and comes in sections two feet long. The sections are screwed together and inserted into the pole."

The magazine adds that a special problem with the Rola-Pole is the amount of pull required by the vaulter, since this varies with the temperature and the expansion and contraction of the core. When Dr. Naro, the inventor and an ex-vaulter, tried to clear a modest 9' 10" with the prototype, he found himself soaring against the ceiling of his laboratory, 15 feet above the ground. He suffered bruises and a concussion, the magazine noted.

It should also be noted that the article appeared in the April 1 issue and that Dr. Naro's first name was given as Looftips.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Doug Osburn, Rice baseball coach, recalling the Cubs' no-hit Burt Hooton as a colleague: "I had one guy who hit under everything, missed each pitch by about a foot. He was the only one who liked to hit against Hooton. That drop was made to order for him. I believe he was five for seven against Hooton."

• Diane Crawford, wife of golf pro Richard Crawford, recalling the time an airline smashed Tom Weiskopf's clubs: "This little airline man was so apologetic. He begged Tom to forgive him. He said to make up for it he had arranged for Tom to pick out a new set of clubs at the local Sears store."

• Carlos Paz, minor league baseball player from Cuba, on Fidel Castro as a ballplayer: "He claims he was once a pitcher. Bah! He was nothing. He fix the sides so his team wins, and when he pitches other team cannot bunt. He is not good ballplayer. He not even good sport."

• Wilma Rudolph Elder, 1960 Olympic sprint champion, now the mother of four children: "I don't know how many more I'll have but I don't think I'll catch my father. I'm one of 22, you know." **END**



# IN ROME, WHERE IT'S HARD ENOUGH JUST BEING A CAR, THE FIAT 124 IS USED AS A TAXI.

While we certainly never intended the 124S to be a taxi, it turns out that the taxi drivers in Rome think it makes an extraordinary one.

To fully appreciate the significance of this, you have to know a little bit about Romans and Roman driving conditions.

To start with, the streets of ancient Rome are far too narrow for cars. So, in order to fit, cars must be small on the outside. Taxis, paradoxically, must be big on the inside in order for passengers to fit.

(The Fiat 124S is as short as a VW Beetle on the outside—yet on the inside it's big enough to comfortably seat 4 large adults.)

Secondly, to a Roman motorist, staying ahead of other Roman motorists is a matter of honor. To be passed is to be dishonored. And to the taxi driver—the "professional" motorist—this need for performance is all-consuming.

(The Fiat 124S goes from 0 to 60 in 15.4 seconds, which is fast enough to take most anything in its class and several cars not in its class.)

Thirdly, in Rome, a parking space is anywhere a driver chooses to alight from his car. This creates an obstacle course through which the taxi driver and his car must be able to weave at top speed.

(The Fiat 124S handles like a sports car because, among other things, it has the same kind of steering and suspension as our 124 Spider. It also has disc brakes on all four wheels, just in case. And if you don't like to shift, it's available with automatic transmission.)

And fourthly, despite all these requirements, in order to show a profit at the end of the week, the taxi driver needs a car that is inexpensive to run as well as buy.

(The Fiat 124S gets 30 miles to a gallon of gas and costs just \$2,305\*.)

Now, if you're considering buying a small car, it would certainly pay you to consider the Fiat 124S. After all, if it can make it in Rome as a taxi, it can make it anywhere as a car.

**FIAT**

The biggest selling car in Europe.



# THE BOYS OF SPRING

*And maybe summer and fall, too, these Los Angeles Dodgers. Off to their best start since 1885, Willie Davis & Co. sacked Atlanta and scorched San Diego with artful arms and some uncommonly big bats* **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

**B**aseball is too complex a game to be made to look as simple as the Los Angeles Dodgers made it last week. Imagine that you are Walter Alston, in your 19th consecutive year as manager, and trying to do Willie Davis (see cover) a favor. "Willie," you say, "you're the only guy on the club who has played every inning of every game so far. We have a 10-1 lead here in the top of the eighth and you deserve a rest." Willie looks at you and says, "No, Skip. Let me get one more rip." In the bottom of the inning Davis crashes a home run that skips off the teal-colored wall in

the back of the right-field Dodger Stadium bullpen on one bounce.

Consider Maury Wills, just for a moment. Maury is 39, the only man in Los Angeles except Jack Benay who will admit it. But Maury is off to an 0 for 18 start. The splotch of gray on his head seems to be widening and he hasn't touched a bango in four days. Maury goes out to Atlanta Stadium on the afternoon before a night game and takes extra batting practice. Maury is over the hill, everyone knows that. But, somehow, you keep him in the lineup and he triples to lead off the game, scor-

ing what proves to be the winning run a little after.

Claude Osteen, one of the best Dodger pitchers, has a sore arm for the first time in his life and the rotation gets messed up. Twice other pitchers go into games that Osteen is supposed to start and each time they work magnificently. Then Osteen comes back and pitches a magnificent game himself.

Every ball your team hits seems to crawl between the defenders. Your guys look so good they could catch line drives with a pair of tweezers. In the course of every baseball season such things are

*Wea Parker frolics in on a single by Steve Garvey in a 12-2 rout of the Padres as Catcher Bob Barton waits readidly for the ball*



bound to happen, but at the start of a season? Never. Well, hardly ever.

At week's end, despite Houston's almost equally sensational start, the Dodgers were still half a game ahead in the National League's ballyhooed Wild West show. The last time the Dodgers were in front of anything important was Oct. 1, 1966, and they got there then because a couple of guys named Koufax and Drysdale were pitching while the rest of the Dodgers were scoring seven runs a week. Somehow they won a pennant.

In their first eight games of this delayed baseball season, one in which the pitchers were supposed to be smothering the hitters because of the two-week strike, the Dodgers pounded out 78 hits, scored 43 runs and—grab the arms of the chair here—stole one base. To locate as good a Dodger beginning, historians had to go back to Ebbets Field and 1955.



Jim Lefebvre gets five from Parker after hitting the winning homer in Singer's 1-0 game.



Willie Davis long-jumps all the way home.

Before a batter was out in the second inning of one game the Dodgers had scored eight runs. They topped that by driving in nine runs by the time one out was recorded in the third inning the following night. If the Dodgers keep playing like that their only major problem might be to convince themselves that they can beat the Montreal Expos in the National League playoffs.

In many ways the 1972 Dodgers seem out of character. Everyone remembers them as a pitch-and-putt team fallen on evil days. Over the last two seasons the team has changed its attitude about hitting, but its image endures. Unless the young and exciting Houston Astros can continue to keep pace with the Dodgers (a not unreasonable proposition), or the San Francisco Giants find a replacement for the injured Willie McCovey, or the Cincinnati Reds start to score, the Dodgers could turn the most promising divisional race in the major leagues into a rout by the Fourth of July.

In the last two seasons the ultimate West Division winner in the National League has been the team quickest out

of the chute—and the club finishing second each time was the Dodgers. Two years ago Cincinnati won its first four games, three at Dodger Stadium. In 1971 San Francisco won 12 of its first 14 before gasping over the finish line a desperate game in front of the Dodgers. Los Angeles was unable to win both pennants mainly because of an 0-5 start in 1970 and a 3-6 beginning last year.

The Dodgers set out this spring determined to avoid such initial reverses. One of their most dedicated players was Jim Lefebvre, the second baseman, who dropped 15 pounds over the off-season by taking exercises, running with the UCLA track team, lifting weights and going on a high-protein diet. Few players could match Lefebvre's spring sprint: a .548 average in exhibition games and three game-winning hits in Los Angeles' first seven victories.

"A thing that probably helped us more than some other clubs," Lefebvre says, "is that we came out of spring training swearing not to lose our edge while the confusion between the players and owners was going on. We came back to Los

*Continued*

Angeles from Florida and split the team between East Dodgers and West Dodgers, depending on which side of the city the players lived. Every day at 10 a.m. we got together and worked to keep the edge. We knew we had to get off to a good jump. We had been told when the strike was first announced that it would be silly to lose sight of everything we had worked for and accomplished at Vero Beach."

Unsurprisingly, that message came from Walter Alston. On the night the strike ended the team reported to Dodger Stadium, lights were turned on and the club worked out. Next morning it was back at 10 a.m. When the season finally opened, Los Angeles was indeed ready and won its first game against Cincinnati, but lost the second. Then the Dodgers went to Atlanta. They marched through Georgia with their bats afire and their pitching nearly perfect. In all of 1971 Los Angeles won only four games in the saucer-shaped stadium that is considered the finest hitters' park in the National League. But the way Bill Singer, Tommy John, Don Sutton, Claude Osteen, Jim Brewer and Hoyt Wilhelm worked their way through the Braves' lineup, Atlanta Manager Luman Harris might just as well have punch-bat Donald Davidson, the club's 4-foot traveling secretary.

In four nights Los Angeles rattled 49 hits off Atlanta pitchers for a team batting average of .322. This included Maury Wills and Frank Robinson, both of whom were obviously bothered by the layoff and only gathered five hits between them. Henry Aaron, Ralph Garr and Earl Williams, three men who are supposed to take the Braves wherever it is they might be going, hit .087, and these few Brave fans who did go out to the games—a total of 36,772 on four delightful spring evenings—seemed stunned, both by their team's failure to hit and a defense barely up to minor league standards.

"I truly believe," Wills said, "that this club has the potential to be the best Dodger team I have ever played on." Although an admitted optimist, Wills has helped win four Dodger pennants, and his is a judgment not to be taken lightly.

Assuredly, the Dodgers do not have Koufax and Drysdale today, but Singer, Osteen and Al Downing have all been 20-game winners since 1969; Sutton has



The broken arm suffered by Willie McCovey grievously damaged the Dodgers' old Coast rival.

won 17 twice in the last three years and John—picked up from the White Sox—has won in double figures in six of the past seven seasons.

The Dodgers are further blessed. Players and management did not exchange epithets over the strike. Unlike some owners, Walter O'Malley and his son Peter did not demand so much egg in their beer that it ended up all over their faces. And Alston, the best manager in the game, has team leaders to spare. Frank Robinson is an from Baltimore. Wills is Wills. And then there is Manny Mota, who managed championship teams in winter ball and beat Wills out of the Mexican championship during 1970-71. Mota, one of 10 active players with a lifetime average above .300 after a decade, was swinging along at .526 through the first seven games.

And where was Frank Robinson? Everywhere. Whirlpool. Batting cage. Dug-out. Shaking hands. Checking Hoyt Wilhelm's draft card. Examining a rectangular Pepsi-Cola menu board hanging in the clubhouse with two sets of red numbers stuck on it. Robinson looked at the board last Friday before the home

opener and knew at once that the numbers on the left told what time the Dodgers would take batting practice; the numbers on the right, San Diego. "Never saw it done on a menu board," he said. "It could mean two things. Five fifty-five on the left probably means that we bat at five of six and six fifty-five that San Diego hits at five of seven. But I'm an old menu man. It could also mean that if you get into the dining room early you can get the New York cut for \$5.55. If you're a little late they throw a piece of lettuce and tomato on the plate, some s.o.b. yodels *Aquarius* and the price goes up a buck."

Robinson went over to his dressing cubicle and began putting on his bright white home uniform for his first appearance before a Dodger Stadium audience. He had spent half an hour getting heat treatments for a groin injury suffered when he slammed into a fence after catching a fly ball in Atlanta and he was heavily taped. Robinson put on his two pairs of sanitary socks and then pulled blue outer stockings over them. Just so all the football coaches in America might know, he pulled his pants on both legs

PHOTOGRAPH BY NED SCHARFMAN



at once, yanked them up halfway and then took a blouse down from a hanger. "No wrinkles," he said. "Bad ball clubs wear wrinkled uniforms."

Robinson began looping the laces through a new pair of spikes as Coach Danny Ozark came into the clubhouse. "What do you think, Frank?" Ozark asked. "I think we'll win," Robinson said.

"About playing, Frank," Ozark said. "Twenty-four [Alston] wants to know." "Fort Knox," Robinson answered. "Just Fort Knox. Tell him we might not be able to spend it, but we both know it's there."

Five minutes later Alston walked past Robinson's cubicle on the way to his office. The manager never broke stride. All Alston said was, "Luck, now, fourth."

In the first inning 30,320 people roared as Robinson came to the plate, the clean-up hitter with runners at second and third and one out. He singled, driving in two runs. His second time up Robinson drove in another run—and then Fort Knox was excused from the rest of the game. Believe this about Frank:

his portrait should never hang in an empty room.

No player, however, was more exciting than Willie Davis. At 32 he is one of only four major-leaguers with 450 at bats to hit over .300 in each of the last three seasons. (The others are Pete Rose, Manny Sanguillen and Tony Oliva.) Those who watch baseball only at World Series time remember him as the man who made three outfield errors in one inning against the Orioles in 1966. But those who watch the game often and examine its nuances realize that Davis can take a situation and squeeze every last ounce of excitement from it.

There have been two Willie Davises. There was a first-half Willie and a second-half Willie. A succession of bad first halves hurt him so much that not until last season did he make an All-Star team, after 11 years of trying.

Many outfielders hold that the only way Willie can be getting from first to third so quickly is by cutting across the infield. For years Davis was baseball's great impostor. "He used to go into a town, read who was going good and then try to imitate whoever it was," says

Frank Robinson. "Stan Musial, Matty Alou, Pete Rose, you name it. Now he's 1,000'; Willie Davis, and when he's wound up he is the toughest player on defense that I have ever seen. No, this is not the same man I played against when I was in the National League before. Not the same one I played against in the 1966 World Series, either. This is the pure Willie Davis."

According to First Baseman Wes Parker, who last Friday was presented with his fifth consecutive Gold Glove, "The difference in Willie is that he is more committed to the game, more involved." And for those who remember the three Series errors, the man standing next to Parker at the Gold Glove ceremony and getting one himself as the top center-fielder in baseball was none other than Willie Davis.

This year Willie believes he has found tranquility. He has joined the Nichiren Shoshu, a Buddhist sect. Twice a day Davis reads from scrolls, chanting in a rich baritone. "It is the true philosophy of life," he says. "I am at peace with myself for the first time." But, praise be, warring in the Wild West. **END**

Flashing legs kicked plateward by Cesar Cedeno symbolize the verve with which the talented, hustling young Astros are chasing Lee Angeles.





## ONE STICK REBUILDS THE HOPKINS DYNASTY

*Flashing the stickwork and savvy that have made him top point man in the nation, Jack Thomas leads Hopkins to a decisive victory over Army and to its old eminence*

by LARRY KEITH



For eight nostalgic septuagenarians, reunited members of the first All-America lacrosse team of half a century ago, it was yesterday again. Enduring the rain and cold at ancient Homewood Field in Baltimore, they saw Johns Hopkins, the Ming of lacrosse dynasties, in its old, formidable form. And foremost on the field was a slender sophomore superstar who is a bit of a septuagenarian himself.

Jut-jawed, blue-eyed, blond-haired Jack (as in Armstrong) Thomas is a gentlemanly exception on a team far more physical than any of the 23 previous Hopkins national champions. This probably has to do with the unusually large number of rugged out-of-state imports, and it means that Hopkins now can add injury to insult. The result is the same familiar one, however, and all the more welcome at Homewood following last year's 3-7 record, most defeats in one season in the school's history. Last week as Thomas, the nation's leading scorer, put in two goals, fed for three others and left his opposing defenseman throwing down his stick in disgust and frustration (left), Johns Hopkins overwhelmed Army 13-5 for its eighth win without a defeat. The domination was quickly evident as the first-half score mounted to 8-2, sending the regular Army goalie to permanent safety on the sideline. Clearly, Hopkins and unbeaten Maryland, who conclude the regular season with a face-off on May 13, are the top candidates for the NCAA title.

Earlier in the week Coach Bob Scott viewed the Army game as an important indicator of his young team's worth despite its recent defeat of then top-ranked Virginia 13-8. "I want to see if we can control a game from the start and finish with an impressive win," he said. "That would be very significant. I don't think we have the best overall talent in the country but maybe we have it all going together now."

Jack Thomas has been in high gear since the season began, in a manner which suggests the best that collegiate lacrosse can offer. He is the product of a lacrosse background in the only part of the nation where such a curiosity can exist. One might believe that it was all thrust upon him were it not for the fact that he accepted the game almost religiously. His father, Bill, an ultrasuccessful high school coach at Towson in Baltimore County, raised his sons to at-

tend college through lacrosse. All have. First Bill Jr., who now captains his club team, went to Maryland and then Mike, the nation's leading scorer last year at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County, graduated to become a prep school coach.

Of the three, Jack is considered by neutral observers to be the best, although it remains a matter of understandable dispute at home. He has lost only three games since the seventh grade and set scoring records at every level.

Unlike his brothers, Jack was developed exclusively by his father. "I never wanted to coach one of my own sons until Jack came along," he says. "I took over the junior varsity when Bill and Mike were at Towson. But with Jack it was different. Everyone knew how good he was, so there couldn't be such a thing as favoritism."

Thomas had always preferred nearby Johns Hopkins and he brought with him All-America recognition in football as well as lacrosse. Despite his size, 5' 10", 165 pounds—perfect for lacrosse, small for collegiate football—he has played both at the quiet, scholarly institution where the mood suits his personal manner.

Football Coach Dennis Cox watched Jack quarterback Hopkins to a 6-3 record and lead the Mid-Atlantic Conference in scoring and decided that although Thomas "is not the world's greatest athlete, he does get the maximum out of what he has. More than anything he's an intelligent kid who performs best in crucial situations and never panics."

Thomas' lacrosse skills make him ideal for the Hopkins attack position that runs the offense. He is a fine stick handler who compensates for a lack of speed with quickness. Many of his points—32—have come on assists, but this is useful for his position. That he also has 24 goals, including a high of five against Princeton, indicates his extraordinary ability. Cutting and dodging around the net, he can hardly be contained, and when double-teamed he unerringly finds the open man. One statistic, which only a lacrosse fan can appreciate, tells a great deal. He leads the team in ground balls, meaning that when the ball is loose and everyone is lashing and digging to capture it, he is the one who emerges to keep Hopkins on the attack.

But Thomas is more than an exceptional athlete; he is an unusual young

man. His whole life is devoted to a sport that, on the professional marketplace, will mean practically nothing. "Jack walks around in blinders," says Joe Cowan, an assistant coach and alltime Hopkins football and lacrosse star with whom Thomas is often compared. "He doesn't seem to care for anything but this game. What athlete doesn't party and mess around a little? I did, but not Jack. He takes a lot of kidding from the rest of the team but I know everyone respects him. He's a leader by deed, not words."

Jack prefers the company of the one and only girl he has ever dated, Liz Resau, to the hushes the lacrosse team throws at the Phi Gam fraternity house. Liz, Towson's homecoming queen one year, caught Jack when they were juniors—when his head was turned the other way.

"Liz understands Jack better than most girls would," says Mrs. Thomas, a kindly woman so infected by the lacrosse mania that she envelops her household that her choir director duties go unattended in the spring. "He will never go out on a Friday before a game and she's content to sit at home. And he's such a traditionalist about everything. I gave him a pair of slightly flared pants for Christmas and he took them back because he thought they were too mod. He makes a point of being independent. His room stays in an incredible mess all the time but his sister Debbie says I shouldn't complain. She was a psychology major and she thinks that's just his way of expressing himself."

Thomas realizes, without really caring, that his life, however ordered, is nevertheless one-dimensional. "Sometimes while I'm walking around this campus and I see people with a load of books I wonder if I really belong here. We Thomases just go to school to play lacrosse and then to coach. It's like a religion. I'm not interested in anything else. I don't follow what's going on. When I registered to vote I didn't know if I was a Republican or a Democrat so I put down Independent. It fits, I guess."

On the dining room table in Jack's home, from where he commutes daily, there are 10 salt shakers, used by the Thomases to diagram plays. The one with the red top designates the player with the ball, forever on the attack, sliding silently across the table with the single-minded objective of scoring. That one is Jack Thomas.

END

# GOODBY, CHI, HELLO (GULP), HUB

*New York's suffering hockey fans, deprived of the Stanley Cup since 1940, were ecstatic over the Rangers' blitz of Chicago but apprehensive about their opponents in the final: the bold Boston Bruins* **by MARK MULVOY**

**Y**ou all remember New York, New York, that wonderful town, where the Bronx is up and the Rangers are down? Some changes have been made, and not to the Bronx. As the Rangers chased a good Chicago team out of the Stanley Cup semifinals last week even Emile Francis, the team's little dictator, permitted himself a thin, prudent smile. It is said that only his wife has actually seen Francis smile in the eight years since he took over the team, and then in the privacy of the home.

More startling, from a man thought to be without a sense of humor, Francis cracked wise, after a fashion, to Coach Billy Reay of the Black Hawks. The Rangers had swept the first two games on enemy ice and were back in Madison Square Garden, which they shared with circus animals and those two-legged wonders, the Knicks, when Francis bumped into Reay in a corridor. "What's that, your new game plan?" asked Reay, pointing to the clipboard Francis was carrying. "Yeah," said Francis, "I think we'll work the dunk against you tonight." Piling irony upon sarcasm, Francis offered Reay a guide to the ticket office. "The circus is here," he said, "and if someone doesn't show you the way, the lions will get you, or the tigers, or the elephants."

His Hawks should have been so lucky. Reay survived his trip through the jungle but his players were being devoured, even though they had begun the series as the fresher, healthier team. They had rested for a week while the Rangers were finishing up the Montreal Canadiens in the quarterfinals. No Hawk was hurt and the Rangers were still without their best player, Center Jean Ratelle, who had broken a bone above his right ankle. Then there was that litany of Ranger failure which all the suffering fans knew by heart: no cup since 1940, no first-place finish since 1942 and no appearance in the cup finals since 1950.

In the first Chicago game Goaltender Ed Giacomin, whose series against Montreal had been the only truly superior one of his cup career, performed spectacularly and the Rangers beat the Hawks 3-2. But the injury hex struck again. Giacomin hurt a knee late in the game when the brutish Hawk defenseman Jerry Korab careened into him during a scramble at the goal mouth, and Defenseman Jim Neilson, who had been playing the best hockey of his career, broke the ring finger of his right hand when he stopped a shot by Dennis Hull. "Once again we have the excuses," said one Ranger, "but now is the time to forget about excuses and work harder."

At the time Francis did not reveal how serious the injuries were. Giacomin was questionable for the second game, he admitted, but he said X rays of Neilson's finger were negative. Neilson's finger was broken all along; the X rays had been positive. Like most coaches, Francis gives away no important intelligence except at gunpoint.

As Gilles Villemure replaced Giacomin in goal for the second game the Hawks altered their strategy. The first game had been relatively tame, but now Reay had Korab, his No. 1 bouncer, deck every Ranger he encountered. Sometimes Korab did it legally, sometimes he went to the penalty box. The big thing, though, was that some Rangers, particularly Gary Douk, who was replacing Neilson, and, of all people, Rod Gilbert, repeatedly whacked back at Korab. Three times the Hawks took one-goal leads but each time the Rangers tied the score. Then, with seven minutes left, Gilbert, who has looked lost without Ratelle to make plays for him, scored his second goal of the game, beating Tony Esposito from 35 feet, and the Rangers won again, although not without some nervous moments.

In last year's Chicago-New York se-

ries the Hawks twice beat the Rangers when Bobby Hull, stationed 25 feet away and dead on the goal, scored directly from face-offs that his centers won cleanly from New York's Walt Tkaczuk. Last week was different. Four times in the closing minutes Tkaczuk beat Christian Boudreau for face-offs as Hull, his trigger cocked, waited hungrily for the puck.

Tkaczuk, a lad of 24 out of the character-building gold mines of Canada, was in a slump during the first half of the regular season, although it was not completely his fault. Francis tried 12 different left wings on the line with Tkaczuk and Bill Fairbairn, and the constant shifts disrupted the continuity a center needs to function effectively. Also, with the Ratelle-Gilbert-Vic Hadfield line setting scoring records, Tkaczuk did not get on the ice as frequently as he had in previous years. Then Francis made Tkaczuk and Fairbairn his regular penalty killers. The extra work obviously stimulated Walt. "I became more aggressive," he said, "and when Ratelle got hurt I realized I'd have to do even more." Against Montreal in the playoffs Tkaczuk was New York's most consistent forward. He scored the winning goal in the final game.

Still, he remembered what had happened in Chicago last year. "Those two face-offs taught me how important total concentration is," he said. "A split half second is the difference. Now what I try to do is get the jump on the other guy. Sometimes—too many times I'm so anxious that I jump the drop and the official tosses me out of the circle. But that tells you something, too. It tells you that you're alert."

The two games in Chicago also clearly pointed up basic problems that the Black Hawks had managed to camouflage from the expansion teams during their romp to the West Division championship. These weaknesses showed up against good teams like New York, Bos-



An open net beckons the first New York goal in Thursday's 3-0 win as Pete Stenkowski catches goalie Smith abroad and Keith Magnuson prone.

ton and Montreal and, as a result, the Black Hawks won only three of the 18 games they played against them.

For one thing, it was obvious that the Hawks still did not have a strong center making plays for Bobby Hull, who was shut out in the two Chicago games. Bordeleau, the latest candidate, repeatedly hesitated too long before he passed the puck to the breaking Hull, and as a result Bobby rarely received it while he was in full flight. Hull did manage to fire 13 shots at Giacomin and Villeneuve during those games, but most of them were harmless blasts from practically impossible angles.

Rather than assign one specialist to Hull, a tactic that failed last spring, Francis split the job between Bill Fairbairn and Bruce MacGregor. However, as Defenseman Brad Park said, "Covering Hull is not a one-man deal. No player can do that job alone; he needs help." Park and the other New York defensemen helped Fairbairn and MacGregor

stymie Hull by meeting him at the blue line and then forcing him against the boards. "Bobby always gets his shots," Park said. "All we wanted to do was make him shoot from bad angles."

Also, the Black Hawks did not have a good left wing to work with Center Stan Mikita, who prefers to set up his linemates rather than take shots himself, and they did not have a steady defense as long as Pat Stapleton and Bill White, their best men, were paired together.

So for the third game last Thursday in New York, Reay decided to double-shift the Hull brothers, playing them not only on their regular line but also on Mikita's line every other shift. He also broke up his defense—playing Stapleton with Keith Magnuson and White with Doug Jarrett—and switched from Esposito to lanky Gary Smith in goal.

For 4 minutes the changes worked, as Dennis Hull scored twice on Villeneuve for the Hawks. The Rangers, however, refused to bend. They got goals from

Pete Stenkowski and MacGregor and went ahead 3-2 midway in the second period on one by Dale Rolfe. Thanks to the big save Villeneuve made on Dennis Hull's breakaway early in the third period, they won the game by that score.

Sunday night seemed almost routine as the Rangers completed their sweep with Center Bobby Rousseau getting two goals in a 6-2 victory. Bobby Hull scored his first of the series—too late.

"One thing I think we've done," said Brad Park in a reflective moment, "is destroy the superstar myth. Maybe we don't have any superstars, as everyone tells us, but we've got depth—and we've got Emile. He seems to be coaching harder now than ever. Sure, he's still working us every day, but he is working himself 10 times as hard."

In the meantime Bobby Orr's Boston Bruins were working over the St. Louis Blues, going ahead three games to none Sunday afternoon. A beautiful collision lay ahead.

END



# MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE OTHER GAME...

*While everybody watched Los Angeles beat the Bucks out West, the East was producing a deceptive challenger in the Knicks* **by FRANK DEFORD**

**N**ow for the tough questions. Who is midsweight champion of the world? What are the Miami Screaming Eagles? In what order do Amos Ous' names occur? What two teams played in The Other Finals of the NBA conference championships last week?

You are right if you answered "don't know" to all the above questions. For example, Senator Edmund Muskie was campaigning in Boston last week on the day the Celtics and Knickerbockers met in the third game of the Eastern finals, and his staff had set aside a couple of tickets for him. But since he was looking for some exposure, naturally he didn't show at the game. The national publicity devoted to the Western championships between the Los Angeles Wits and the Milwaukee Kareems had so overshadowed the series in the East that at times it seemed nobody would pay any attention to New York and Boston even if Dita Beard had been releasing the stat sheets to Jack Anderson. In fact, it now can be reliably reported that Howard Hughes has hidden out the last couple of weeks by locating himself on the Knickerbocker bench.

Nevertheless, despite the glamour of the West, the NBA went ahead with its satellite tournament for the Eastern teams, and there is even some idle talk now that the Los Angeles Lakers will be required to play the Knicks: who whipped the Celtics in five games—before the Western titlist can flat out declare itself world champion. This will help pay salaries for all the league's jump-

ers and lawyers. And further, considering the way the Knicks have been playing lately—not deceptively good but often deceptively good enough—it might even be some contest.

The Knicks are not entirely unknown, of course, if only because ABC-TV persisted in foisting them on a disgruntled, shrinking national audience week after week all season long. Still, the Knicks have endured such an uneven season, going through some periods of desultory, even atrocious, play, that it was difficult to give the team much of a chance until it finally began to come around again midway in the opening series against Baltimore. Part of the New York problem was purely psychological: first adapting to the loss of Willis Reed and then becoming locked into second place in the division, with no real challenge. The other part is technical, for the Knick team is small, not particularly fast, with a long but undistinguished bench, and it lacks the dynamite that bug Reed provided underneath. Jerry Lucas, his replacement, is an NBA-size forward vamping at center.

"We operate with such a small margin of error," says Bill Bradley, who has been playing as well as he ever has. "We don't have Willis there to take care of our mistakes, so we must play defense perfectly and we must run our patterns perfectly to get clear shots. We're like a building constructed without a foundation. Of course—given that situation—Jerry is the perfect kind of center for us."

Lucas, who has staged more comebacks than Merv Griffin ever did, is enjoying himself immensely in the pivot. He plays like a politician who, having staked out the middle ground, can af-

ford to range about and dip into what other territory seems hounifoul. Early in the series Lucas drove the Celtics to distraction by moving outside to toss up long bombs and also by freeing the middle for back-door assaults by his teammates.

Significantly, in the third game—the only one Boston won—the Celtics countered Lucas best when the smallest center, Dave Cowens, followed Lucas out and switched off him on high picks. Cowens also effectively mined his offensive territory, working Lucas inside with the clever help of the weak-side guard.

Overall, though, Cowens could not keep it up. The Celtics were 41-5 in the regular season against the below-500 teams, in large part because their auburn-haired ingenue at center somehow peaked for them all. Boston is like a base-ball team with strength up the middle—White at guard, John Havlicek at forward, Cowens at center (and with an ace fireman in Don Nelson)—so the Celtics could beat up on all the flawed teams in a diluted league. But the Celtics were over their heads (15-21 against the above-500 teams) in top playoff company. If Boston was genuinely as good as its record indicated, the Celtics would have beat the points off the Knicks in the second game, at Madison Square Garden, when New York played poorly and was in foul trouble. But Boston couldn't even catch up. Take away their running game and shackle just one of their big three, and there is nothing else for the Celtics to fall back on.

Even with Reed and Guard Dick Barnett out with injuries, New York could, by contrast, field five solid players—and even get some sporadically good performances out of its top subs. Phil Jackson and Dean Meminger, New York, like Los Angeles, also has the big-city edge in money which counts a whole lot more than home court. In a runaway money market, New York could afford Earl Monroe when he put his bad right knee up for bids, and it could go out and wave dollar bills around until somebody gave in and sold the team a backup center (Luther Rackley) when it needed one.

*Deafening in defense (he also doubles as a center), Jerry Lucas bounces high up in an attempt to block Celtic Dave Cowens' shot*

continued

Few solvent teams left can afford to scout opponents more assiduously. The Knicks even take movies of all their home games. Given these built-in inequities in the NBA now, one can almost understand what motivated Red Auerbach, the old-line general manager of the Celtics, when he refused outright to permit two injured Knicks to use the whirlpool baths at Boston Garden before the third game. In the fateful battle against the exchequers in New York and Los Angeles, few weapons are left in the league except for Auerbachian guile and bravado, the same stuff that once worked against Syracuse and Tri-Cities. And call it hush, but that was the only game Boston won.

The Celtics could not win again at home in the fifth game despite bursting away to a 14-0 lead. Boston Garden was a madhouse right up to the 111-103 final, but the Knicks tuned it out. "A lot of teams would have started running like crazy to catch up," Lucas said. "It is to this team's credit that we just kept calmly playing our game."

It also helped that the Knicks were not among strangers. Since the children of New York attend the colleges of Boston—and basketball tickets there can be purchased right from the box office instead of from secondhands on the street—the Knicks have a home-away-from-home in the Hub. There were battles over banners, debris was thrown and even bands of transient New York students roamed Causeway Street, chanting that awful hometown cry of *DEE-fense! DEE-fense!*

New York took charge in the third quarter when Dave DeBusschere made 18 points. Lucas kept Cowens busy on the high post, the Knick guards cleared through and then DeBusschere alternately drove or, if given room, fired his bomb. He had scored only three points in the whole first half, and New York needed his offense because the backcourt was off. Frazier admitted to "missing my rhythm" and passed off many clear shots before finally getting enough confidence to try a few jumpers down the stretch. Then little Dean Meminger came in with a stirring floor game in the last couple of minutes to keep the victory safe. And once again New York got just exactly what it needed.

The Knicks came up primed for the finals. DeBusschere was merely magnificent in every department against Bos-

ton, and he and Frazier are among the best two or three in the league at their positions, on both offense and defense. Monroe played one masterful game, the fourth, and showed enough in the others to suggest he is getting better all along. Bradley was as hot on offense as he was industrious on defense, dogging Haywood. Lucas played confidently and with authority even in those games when his shooting was off. He is positively effusive off the court, a guy who relaxes by working up magic acts. Mental legenddom has always been his specialty, and currently he is memorizing large sections of the Manhattan telephone book, column by column. (Quickly now, Mr.

Lucas, what's the 19th listing down on the first column, page 435?)

"This is the most gratifying season ever," Lucas says, grinning boyishly. "You cannot imagine what a thrill it was, somewhere along the middle of the season, when I realized that the other guys had accepted me at center. Nobody said anything, but suddenly I could feel by osmosis that they believed in me, that they thought, 'Hey, maybe we can win with this guy.'"

Still, as sharp and balanced as the Knicks are now, perhaps calling the 19th listing down, first column, page 435, just before they take on the Lakers would not be a bad idea. That's *Dial-a-Prayer*.

## AS WEST GOES—SO GOES THE WEST

by PETER GARRY

From the first to last game, through it all, Jerry West masked his frustration well. During the first 10 long days of the Los Angeles Laker playoff series with the Milwaukee Bucks, West limned any outward indication of the deep bewilderment he felt over his poor shooting to occasional dismayed shakes of his head—moments when his eyes turned woeful and his lips and jaw tightened with disgust. In full good humor, he sometimes blamed tiredness or bad luck for his inaccuracies; other times he named little lapses in technique or even the Bucks' defense as the cause of his errant shots. And dutifully his coach and teammates stood by him, repeating the litany: "Jerry does so many other good things for us that it makes no difference he's in a bit of a shooting slump."

Indeed, there was logic in their argument. After five games the Lakers led the Bucks three to two and needed only one more victory to clinch the spot in the NBA finals. With Chamberlain's rebounding and defense had held Milwaukee's Kareem Abdul-Jabbar within reasonable limits and the Lakers received plenty of points from their other shooters, notably Jim McMillan and Gail Goodrich. West, the highest playoff scorer in history, averaged nearly 40 points under his usual postseason pace but still worked splendidly as a playmaker and defender.

"In the past—when we've always lost in the playoffs and I scored so many

points—they always talked about why we lost and not about all the points I scored," West said. "Now we're winning and they don't talk about that. All anyone seems to be concerned about are the points I'm not scoring."

Clearly, the perfectionist inside West was seething. It gnawed away until finally the outburst came as the Lakers scrimmaged in Milwaukee Arena before their final game with the Bucks. Missing an easy jump shot from one of his favorite spots on the floor, West suddenly slapped his fists against his thighs, clenched his jaw so tightly that the sinews stood out in his neck and wheeled toward the long, empty press table at courtside. Winding up like Jan Stenerud attempting a 50-yard field goal, he kicked at the table and staggered briefly off balance as, fortunately, he missed. "Hey, man, don't do that. You'll hurt yourself," reserve Guard Flynn Robinson reprimanded softly.

As quickly as that the outburst was over, and West returned to inconspicuous headshaking, but he had blown his cover. No longer could excuses, facile or blithe, be believed. The old West urge not merely to win but to win with glory was still clearly festering, and in the end it did the Bucks in.

Milwaukee should have won the sixth game of the playoffs just as surely as the Lakers had won the fifth 115-90, when the Bucks went into a bizarre collapse in the second half at Los Angeles.



# Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's whiskey.

The view is incomparable. And so is the whiskey: Seagram's 7 Crown. At a party, as just about everywhere, it's the brand more people prefer. By itself, on the rocks, or with your favorite mixer, it belongs with your favorite way of life.

Taste the best of America. Say Seagram's and Be Sure.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKY. 40 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

# Chances are airline exactly

And it's not your fault.

The fault lies with the airlines themselves for having made things like a hot meal, a movie and a smile the basis on which to choose an airline.

And they shouldn't be.

Because if there's one area in which no one airline can hold a meaningful edge on the other airlines, it's the hot meal, movie and smile area.

So you're shortchanging yourself if you choose an airline solely on this basis.

Especially if you're going on vacation. And most definitely if you're traveling abroad on vacation.

For what that costs you should be getting more from an airline than a pleasant plane ride.

You should get help planning your trip. Before you go. So you don't waste time and money once you're there figuring out what to do and what not to.

There are more than 7,000 Pan Am travel agents across the country who can help you do just that. Whether it be a week in Europe, a once-in-a-lifetime round-the-world vacation, or one of our many tours. (Having invented the air tour back in 1935 we naturally offer a wider range today than anyone else.) In addition, there are more than 50 Pan Am offices in the United States where we have information on everything from what to wear, where, to how much to tip waiters and cabdrivers in Pago Pago.

Once you're on vacation you

**"Fly with us and get the world's biggest sandwich"**



**"Fly with us and get the world's longest movies"**



# you choose an wrong.

"Fly with us and get the world's  
smilingest stewardesses."



"Fly with us and get the world's  
liveliest color coordinations."



may find that things crop up that you could use some help with.

We help.

We have offices all over the world (it's pretty hard to be very far from one), staffed with people ready to do everything for you from cashing your personal check in an emergency to changing your hotel reservations to suggesting a little out-of-the-way restaurant the guidebooks haven't discovered yet.

We even have a "post office" system so you can get your mail and keep up with what's going on back home.

And you don't pay us anything extra for any of these services. The pre-trip planning or the help you get once you're there. And, of course, at Pan Am your air fare is exactly the same as it is on all the other scheduled airlines.

Another important thing you don't pay anything extra for is our experience.

When you fly on Pan Am you're flying on the airline that opened more of the world to air travel than all the other airlines combined.

The airline that has been carrying (and caring for) overseas passengers longer than most airlines have even existed.

The airline, incidentally, that started it all by serving the first warm meal and showing the first movie.

Little did we know...



**PanAm**

The world's most experienced airline.



## If ever there were a thoroughbred of cars...

this is it. Eldorado Convertible by Cadillac. It has the lines, the dash, the spirit. And something more. Because this one is unique—even among thoroughbreds. It is the only luxury convertible built in America. The only luxury car with front-wheel drive, Automatic Level Control and an 8.2 litre engine. You

may specify American-made steel-belted radial tires, a Dual Comfort front seat and Track Master skid control. As the convertible or as the classic coupe, it is the world's most elegant personal car. See your authorized Cadillac dealer to test-drive the Eldorado. This one is a champion.



If ever there were exciting television this is it. The Triple Crown of racing, presented by Cadillac and your Cadillac dealer. The Kentucky Derby, May 6; The Preakness, May 20 and The Belmont Stakes, June 10. Live and in color on CBS-TV. On CBS radio, too. For your viewing and listening pleasure. Cadillac Motor Car Division.



In the climax at Milwaukee the Bucks built a 10-point lead early in the final period. Jabbar outscored (37-22) and out-rebounded (25-24) Chamberlain and blocked nearly as many shots as Walt. Young Forward Curtis Perry added 24 rebounds, and Wally Jones, subbing for Oscar Robertson, who played only seven minutes due to an injury, performed about as well as Robertson had at any time during the series.

Meanwhile, most of the Los Angeles shooters were missing, none of them more often than West, who was shaking his head back and forth like a man watching a Ping-Pong match. After hitting three of his first five shots in the game Jerry then missed all but two of his next 18. From halftime until mid-way through the fourth period he was awful—perfectly so—as he missed 11 consecutive shots.

No sooner had the Bucks built their lead to 10 points than they slipped into the same curious pattern of inaction that had cost them the two previous close games in this series, even though they had held leads in the final moments of each. As Milwaukee players stood motionless and apparently reluctant to shoot, the Laker defense tightened, repeatedly forcing Milwaukee to throw up desperate tosses as the 24-second clock ran down. Chamberlain blocked several other Buck shots and took full command of the backboards as the Lakers outscored Milwaukee by 12 points in the final eight minutes.

Twelve also was the total scored by West in the last six minutes as he suddenly rediscovered his touch. And, at last, there was the West of old: he drove for a layup, hombed two long jumpers, passed crisply for two assists and knocked the Bucks clear out of the playoffs by calmly making six straight free throws.

"I've been in slumps like this before, but it's been a long time—like since the seventh grade," West said. "Still, I'm a confident person, and when you've got confidence like I do, you want to shoot at times when other guys might not care to. You expect to make shots when other guys don't.

"I guess I can't figure out much better than anyone else what's gone wrong with me," he added, throwing in another headshake for emphasis. "But, I've got one thing all figured: this winning is beautiful."

END

# Safety first.



**Gillette Techmatic.**  
It's tough on your beard.  
Not on your face.

# **WHEN THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT**

In Louisville during Kentucky Derby Week the horses are fast and the town even faster, flush with freewheelers and rowdy prancing. The merry-go-round of festivities is recorded in script and sketches by Artist W. C. Park. His is a gently satirical commentary on this spring pageant—the circus of sideshows, the swilling crowds and the swelling frenzy that rises to a pitch with the parade to the post of the classic colts and the sentimental singing of “My Old Kentucky Home.”



## WHEEDLE-TOODLE - POOPA-CHUNKA

strains a calliope as the two portly paddlewheelers, groaning under heavy loads of frenetic frolickers, swing into their traditional race up the Ohio, and full into Derby Week.

The days preceding that fateful first Saturday in May are stuffed to bursting with a melange of parades parties presentations bungalow picnics bicycle races fireworks displays mint juleps (get your fresh mint ~~here!~~) jug bands bourbon and ... oh yes, horse racing. Horse racing, indeed, for all this activity is but a fitting buildup to that most phantasmagorical race in the sport of kings: The Kentucky Derby.



Although cast upon by some as the Disneyland of horse racing, the Derby (you mean there are others?) cannot be dismissed lightly.

All the hooplah and kados that surround the race do nothing to tarnish "the most glittering jewel in the Triple Crown", an overworked metaphor the press never tires of using. It is the first long race of the 3-year-

olds' season; it packs champions and absolute dogs into a very large field and is thereby wildly unpredictable; and it is the beginning of the glory road to the fabulous Triple Crown, that most coveted honor in horse racing.



Throughout the week, cars, people and money pour into Louisville, while out at the stables there is unnatural calm. Majestic, finely tuned horses are pampered and primed by an adoring assemblage of grooms, ponylovers, hotwalkers and hangers-on. Trainers are in complete



control (I don't let nobody but girls rub the horses; they got a gentle touch); most owners wisely stay out of the way. People working with horses are a mixed bag. Some have college degrees, some are wealthy, some lean on the bottle; the common denominator is an absolute worship of horses.

And now it is Saturday, and there is that venerable old palace of fun and chance, Churchill Downs. Buy your ticket and surge through the turnstiles into a world bedecked with pennants, dreams and memories. It is Never-Never Land, with landscaping right out of the Wizard of Oz; a fantasy of bright flowers,

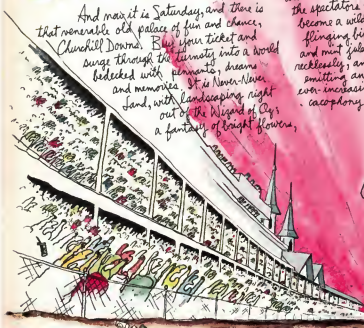
fountains and neatly barbered bushes. Strong-lunged vendors hawk tout sheets and the omnipresent mint julep, and thousands of racing fans mill hither and thither, staring at their programs or hypnotized by the rapidly blinking tote boards.

Racetime approaches, and the milling steps up. Long lines form and re-form at the mutual windows, and as the horses are led out to the starting gate there is a mad scramble to place one more bet. And then they're off, and the crowd begins to fidget and nervously gabble.

By the time the horses are in the home stretch, the spectators have become a wild mob, flinging binoculars and mint juleps about recklessly, and smitting an ever-increasing cacophony of



She's like the latest in fashion!





shrieks, shouts, groans and ear-splitting squeals. The noise peaks as the horses flash across the finish line, and immediately slumps into instant analysis, gnashing of teeth, and an occasional shout of triumph. Jockeys' tickets flutter down like confetti from the upper tiers, and fresh mint juleps are ordered around as everyone searches their program and their psyche for the next race's winner.

Status consciousness and elitism are rife at Churchill Downs, and the higher you climb in the stadium, the thicker this atmosphere becomes. The pecking order runs from the surging masses in the infield up through bleachers, seats in the Grandstand, boxes in the Clubhouse, and finally to the lofty Penthouse, enclosed, air conditioned and incredibly exclusive. No amount of money will purchase entrance to this haunt of senators, presidents, occasional royalty and, yes, sometimes even movie stars; it is invitation only.

Many box seats have been in one family for generations

And now, through the tunnel and into that infamous stew of bourbon, freaks, sun worshippers and lovers, the Infield. NO ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES PERMITTED piously states the sign over the main gate, so the game is to smuggle it in, and smuggle it in they do. Squeeze your way between the writhing, perspiring bodies in all stages of dishabille (you're liable to see anything in the Infield).



WB Park



Here is more human flesh and cold drink coolers per square inch than is possible. Bourbon straight, bourbon in coke, bourbon in grapefruit. A thousand square yards of overlapping blankets umbrellas Kentucky Fried Chicken discarded clothes newspapers clever hats transistor radios books footballs frisbees and fraternity banners. There are hippies reads straights rednecks corda jocks teeny boppers and weirdos. It is a young crowd, a crowd only vaguely aware that horse racing is going on around them (when do they play "My Old Kentucky Home"?), and packed in there eyeball to elbow, it is just as well; they couldn't see anything if they wanted to.

But listen: it is the bugle call announcing another race - not just another race, but THE RACE - at last it is time for the Kentucky Derby. Oh, nostalgia! Oh, sentiment! Who can watch the solemn parade of the Derby entries without a tingle of excitement? What eye

does not glisten as the band gently plays "My Old Kentucky Home" in the late afternoon sun? It is the moment: one of those bitter-sweet pauses on the brink of a treasured event too soon gone.

And now it is over. Two minutes of the most concentrated action in sport, an instant of roses and glory for the winner, and the exhausted crowd begins to filter out the exits.

Hours later, newspapers tumble across a litter strewn infield, and only the ghostly echo of Derbies long-run drifts through the corridors and courtyards of Churchill Downs.





## Escape from your escape.

Sometimes getting away from it all can get to be a bore. Suppose you're on a camping trip and don't like marshmallows. Or cruising on a Windjammer when there isn't any wind. Or seaside when it's on the wet side.

That's when you could use a Sony 11" diagonal portable. It's light enough to carry.

Even though the screen is big enough to look at. And with the optional battery pack, you can watch it anywhere.

Imagine camping out with "Call of the Wild".

Cruising the Caribbean with "Caine Mutiny".

Or watching "From Here To Eternity" from your beach house.

Escapes are too rare to waste time being bored. Especially when they're so easy to escape from.

**The SONY TV 112 portable**



**PART II: THE STEWART STORY**

by **JACKIE STEWART** and **PETER MANSO**

## **A CHAMPION FATED NOT TO REIGN**

Jochen Rindt of Austria was Stewart's fastest friend and foremost rival. Then came a crackup in September 1970 on a racecourse in Italy

**M**onza. The Italian Grand Prix. It was here a year ago that I clinched the world championship in a race that was a fairy tale from start to finish. Through most of it Jochen Rindt and I controlled the show. A nod here, the point of a finger there; we knew exactly what the other was going to do, and at Monza this is important. At 185 mph you can't afford a misunderstanding.

Jochen got ahead of me on the final lap, but I repassed him. What I hadn't done was consider my Mutra teammate, Jean-Pierre Beltoise. He came storming



through, passed Jochen and outraked me going into the last turn. Out of no where he came in a blue flash, passing me on the inside, coming in so fast and leaving the braking so late that he forced me to go wide. I could easily have spun. The car was on its tiptoes, just making up its mind, and while I was trying to rein it in he shot onto the final straight with the finish line only 600 yards away. But both Jochen and I outaccelerated him to the finish, and I beat Jochen by a few hundredths of a second. It was perhaps the closest finish in racing history.

It was one of those exquisite moments when you know you are happy, when you have a sense of your own high while actually having it. People were congratulating me, photographers were everywhere—and then I realized the crowd was becoming dangerous. They wanted to get to me. They wanted the laurel wreath and the trophy and they were getting out of control. People were falling and not getting up. I was frightened, truly and deeply, and my wife Helen was almost hysterical.

We were surrounded by police, but they, too, were helpless. All the police could do was get us into an office. That wasn't any good, either. The crowd broke through the door and we fled to the toilet, Helen and I, where we locked ourselves in with the trophy and garland. Helen had calmed down and we were beginning to see the humor of the situation, but we wanted out.

It must have been a quarter of an hour before police reinforcements pushed the crowd back some 30 yards and we were able to get out the rear door.

But that was last year. Now, . . . it is very difficult for me to relate what happened on Saturday. It means dealing with Jochen's death and what it did to all of us—to Helen, to me, to Jochen's wife Nina. I have tried to piece it together, step by step, but there are unanswered questions, things I don't understand. The medical reports aren't all back yet, and I don't even know if he had to die, not if things at the accident had been properly handled. A lot of people will object to my going into this, I know, but it is something I have to do.

Jochen was my best friend. What happened has had a profound effect on me and my feelings for motor racing, perhaps forever.

Saturday we went to the circuit, Helen and I and a few others, and as I was walking from the car to the paddock Jochen drove up in his BMW. He had been staying at the Hotel de la Ville in Monza, and this was the first time I had seen him all weekend.

The crowd was going wild. Several hundred people had somehow got into the paddock, and we couldn't go anywhere without them being on top of us. No sooner did I sign an autograph than somebody else pushed his hand in with a piece of paper. There was going to be no end of it, I saw that. Eventually we had to make a run for the pits.

In practice I just fiddled about and got down to a fairly quick time. Helen was timing, and it was maybe halfway through the session, the mechanics making all sorts of adjustments on the car, and I was standing in the pits when Ken Tyrrell, my racing manager, came over to me. "I think Jochen's had a shunt," he said very quietly. "You'd better ask Gethin."

Peter Gethin was driving a McLaren. He had just come in, still hadn't got out of his cockpit, and I ran over to him. "The car's all over the place," he told me, "but it's on its feet. The cockpit looks pretty right and there's no sign of Jochen." Both of us assumed he had walked away from the accident, but we couldn't be certain. I went up to the control tower—the nerve center of the track, the place where they get all the communications—and found the track manager and asked him what had happened.

"Well, you know, there's been an accident," he said.

"Yeah, but how's Jochen?"

"I don't really know."

"Come on," I said to him. "You've got to tell me how he is."

"I don't know," he repeated. "I really don't know."

I asked if Jochen was hurt. He wouldn't give me an answer. "Look," I said, "you've got to tell me if he's injured because I've got to go and see his wife."

He looked at me sideways and said, "Well, no, I think he's all right because he's spoken on the telephone from the post out there on the track."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Are you absolutely positive now, because I'm going . . ."

"Yes, yes. But he's gone to the hospital, the one on the inside of the track."

So I ran back and everyone was looking vacant, just staring into space and not knowing what was going on. They didn't know for sure if there had been an accident and they were just standing around in the pits, apprehensive but not wanting to find out, everything suddenly quiet and Nina all alone. So I said to Nina, "Look, Jochen's had a shunt, but I think he's O.K. The car is upright. There's no fire and the man told me he has spoken on the telephone to the control tower." I told her I would find out more and then come back, that she should stay there, not move away.

I ran up to the hospital, and there was an enormous crowd. An ambulance was standing outside, sirens and flashing lights going. Photographers were everywhere. I barged through, got to the gate and they let me in. Another ambulance, a small brown military one, was standing to the left of the hospital building and its doors were partially open. Somebody came over to me and said something in Italian which I didn't understand. Then a man who spoke English said something like, "Not good."

I wasn't sure what this meant, and went over to the ambulance. There was a stretcher inside. Three or four men were working over it and I could see Jochen. His head was toward the front of the ambulance, his feet to the back, and he was canted up at an angle. A blanket had been put over him, but it had slipped off his legs and I saw his left foot. It was very badly injured. I didn't want to look any more. Nobody was paying any attention to it, so I knew there was something much more serious and I went off to get Nina.

As I ran toward the pits I found her. She still didn't know anything definite and was only frightened, but as we were going through the hospital gate a man came toward us and held up his hands. "No, you mustn't go there," he said.

"Why?" Nina asked him, her voice rising.

"They're working very hard. They're doing everything they can. You shouldn't go there."

**AFTER THE CRASH:** A marshal holding Rindt's helmet gestures beside his car. When Rindt was declared the posthumous champion for 1970, Stewart presented his widow a trophy.

CONTINUED



RINDT: A MAN TO TRUST AT 185 MPH

"I must go to him."

"No, no," he said again, and just then she saw a priest going into the ambulance.

"You must be mad!" she screamed. "You must all be mad! There's a priest going in."

I tried to calm her, telling her that there are always priests after accidents, especially in Italy, but I knew it was clear—and she realized it. Colin Chapman, the builder of Jochen's Lotus car, and his wife Hazel had arrived by this time, and I asked Hazel to look after Nina while I went to find a doctor.

Not far away I found one of the organizers, and as I came up to him he said to me in a low voice, "It's very bad. I think he has stopped breathing. . . . Don't let his wife go near there. Keep her out of the ambulance." Then he turned and walked away.

I thought, "Jesus, not again," and all I wanted to do was get out of there to find Helen, but the place was mobbed. The crowd was glued to the fence all the way around, 20 deep, a wall of people. I got through the crowd and back to the pits. I saw Bette Hill, Graham's

wife, and said, "Bette, quickly, I need you," and with Bette behind me I ran on down the pit lane toward Helen. She saw us coming, and I took them both by the hand and explained that Jochen had had an accident and that they had to go to Nina. I remember my voice was calm.

Helen realized it was bad, I think, but not as bad as I knew. By the time we got inside the enclosure Jochen had been moved to a larger ambulance. I didn't know why. Nina was there, but she had nothing to speak to. She was sitting under an umbrella, staring into space, starting to go into shock.

One of the Italian medical people told me Jochen was dead. Another said they were still working on him and that they had all the oxygen equipment inside the ambulance and were doing everything to revive him. So I didn't know. I was asking questions. I was trying to get a straight answer, but everyone was telling me a different story, and so I really didn't know if Jochen was already dead.

Colin Chapman came up and I overheard someone tell him that Jochen had stopped breathing. He started to cry. I got Nina and Helen and Bette away from the crowd and took them inside the track hospital, sat them down and went off for sedatives. Some character arrived with bottles of Ballantine, but it was no time for drinking. Liquor doesn't go with sedatives. I had been through this with Sally Courage when Piers was killed, and had been told you just can't take alcohol with these things.

Finally I got the pills and gave them to Nina. I didn't want to leave until they started to take effect, but I knew I had to find a car to get her into Milan. We had heard the ambulance roar off and someone said they were taking Jochen to the main hospital there. We were waiting in a small room and a horde of photographers started putting their cameras through the windows, some of them perched up on the sills, half hanging inside the room, trying to photograph as I had to go around and shut the windows one by one. The glass was frosted, but you heard them pushing and shoving against the side of the building as the police tried to clear them from the compound. The crowd was still pressed to the fences.

Twenty, 25 minutes passed, and I was looking for the Lotus team manager to get him to find us a car and escort. All

the while I was speaking to the doctors through an interpreter, and they were still telling me the same thing. Three or four of them in white coats said that Jochen had stopped breathing but they weren't precise enough for me to be able to tell Nina. I knew I couldn't confuse her any more, and the ambulance had gone off with such a rush that it seemed to mean they were still doing something, that Jochen might still be alive.

Bernie Ecclestone appeared. He is the man who managed Jochen's Formula II team, a very good friend to both Jochen and Nina. When he got word of the accident he ran out of the pits, somehow got out to the Parabolica, the curve where it happened, and then came back to the hospital carrying Jochen's helmet. Now he was going with Nina and Helen into Milan. The interpreter was going, too, and when the police van came up I told Helen I didn't want to go, I saw no point in going. Really I didn't want to. I wanted to be alone and have a moment to think.

It took them an hour to reach the hospital. They were 30 minutes behind the ambulance, and when they arrived they were shown into an office. Louis Stanley, a part owner of the BRM team, was already there, waiting. It was he who told Helen that Jochen was dead. Helen told Nina.

In the meantime I had gone back to the pits. I wasn't certain Jochen was dead, but I couldn't see it any other way. I can't explain it, the realization just came. I knew. I was standing in the pit lane and I let go of my crash helmet and started walking up and down inside the pits. I didn't know what to do with myself. It had happened too often. It affected me too much, and I was trying desperately to control myself, pace myself, keep from coming apart.

Ken came over and said, "Right, hurry up and get in the car. There's only 15 minutes left and I want you to get a good tune before the session starts."

I put on my balaclava and was doing up my helmet when it all came over me, and I went off in the corner and cried. But after a minute I was all right. I got it all back into solid. I put on my helmet and went into the car, and the mechanics helped me in. Then, again, I started to cry. I tasted salt. I sat there and people tried not to look at me and I knew there was nothing I could do to stop the crying, so I

*continued*

**Wagons should be attractive,  
inexpensive, and  
roomy out back.**



**This one also has free power  
steering and brakes. Nice.**

You bet! Buy a specially equipped Coronet Crestwood with an automatic transmission, AM radio with rear-seat speaker, air conditioning, handy luggage rack, power-windowed two-way tailgate, front bumper guards, and more of the items most wagon owners specify—and your Dodge Dealer can offer you power steering and front power disc brakes free, because Dodge gives them to him at no extra charge. Who gives you all this in a mid-sized wagon, plus the room for a four- by eight-foot panel out back? **Dodge. Depend on it.**

**Dodge Coronet '72**



# Golden Recipes.

The same blending of flavors that makes Galliano the perfect after-dinner liqueur makes it the perfect mixing ingredient: versatile enough to bring out other flavors, but never overpowering.

## GOLDEN CADILLAC

1 oz. Liqueur Galliano  
2 oz. White Creme de Cacao  
1 oz. Cream

Place with small quantity crushed ice in blender. Use low speed for short time. Strain into champagne glass.

## GALLIANO MIST

Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Liqueur Galliano over ice and squeeze ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Drop lime shell in. Stir and serve.

## HARVEY WALLBANGER

Fill tall glass with ice cubes  
Fill ¾ full with orange juice  
Add 1 oz. Vodka. Stir  
Float ½ oz. Liqueur Galliano on top.

## GALLIANO DAIQUIRI

¾ oz. Liqueur Galliano  
¾ oz. Light Rum  
Juice of ½ Lime  
1 Teaspoon Powdered Sugar  
Add one cup crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds.

Fond of things Italiano?  
Try a drink with Galliano.





went out. And as soon as I got going, it stopped. I was all right. When I got to the Parabolica I went around slowly, searching for the marks. I ran four laps and came in on the checker. My last lap was the fastest I had ever done Monza and the fastest I was to do that weekend. It will be said I was trying to hurt myself, that it was suicidal, but I don't think so. It felt just about the same as any other lap.

Afterward I had to keep moving. I went to the Dunlop van, sat down, and then people came in and I left. I kept walking. I passed Norah Tyrrell, and she turned away. She couldn't face me. She had been crying, too. Other people couldn't talk to me, either. I kept moving. I was just looking for something, trying to pick up something that would give me a line to walk rather than not knowing where to be.

There was an hour break between sessions and it was still hot and I had to get out of my overalls. On the steps of our transporter there was a German photographer, Eddie Guba. He had heard that Jochen was dead, and I don't remember exactly what he said, but I told him I was angry about the whole thing. I didn't want to talk to him. I wanted him to go away.

"Are you retiring?" he asked, and it was obvious he thought this the only thing for me to do.

I told him no and went inside.

I changed and kept on wandering. I was in the Gulf van and then back in the Dunlop van, and then I was in the pits talking with Jack Brabham, who had been running behind Jochen at the time of the crash. Jack doesn't usually show much emotion, but he had been there, he had seen it and almost been a part of it, and now he was very affected, looking older, nearly a different Jack.

By and large, though, most people wanted to stay away from it. Nobody was there to look after Nina. Nobody was there to coordinate things. Nobody except Louis Stanley came and involved himself with me or Nina or Helen or with anything. Most of the drivers were in the pits all the time. A few of them were out because they didn't know what was happening, yes, but most of them stayed in the pits and didn't do very much at all. They just didn't want to get involved.

But this wasn't the end of it. I got word later in the afternoon that Helen

and Nina were at the Hotel de la Ville, so I drove over there. First I tried to call Nina's father in Helsinki and Jochen's godfather in Vienna. Martin Plunder, the FIA man from Austria, had agreed to accompany Nina in the evening back to Switzerland, where she and Jochen lived. The problem was finding a plane. Chapman had earlier gone off to the hospital, and I didn't know if he was going to fly her back; I didn't know what his plans were. As for Bernie Ecclestone's plane, which he shared with Jochen, I wasn't sure if it was in Monza. Plunder said he was going to try to find out.

At the hotel there were photographers and people from Team Lotus all hanging around the lobby and I soon found Nina—and there, incredibly, was her father. I had just been trying to reach him in Finland and he was here in Monza. He had come down to watch the race and walked into the hotel just as Nina returned from the hospital, just at that minute. The strangest kind of coincidence.

I sat down between Helen and Nina. I kissed Nina, gave her a squeeze on the leg, took her hand and explained what we were going to do. I don't remember what we said, but I know she wanted Helen to stay with me for the race. She insisted on it, explaining that there were enough people to take care of her now that her father had arrived and that she would be O.K. Jochen's things were already packed and everything was ready. Helen had done the packing. Colin Chapman was going to do the flight to Geneva.

On the way out I met Chapman. I told him I was terribly sorry and he said he wanted to get out of the country as quickly as possible, right then and there, because he was concerned about the authorities. The Italians could easily have detained him if they felt the accident was caused by a mechanical failure. He left. Meanwhile, Sally Courage had heard of the crash on the 3:30 news back in England, had gotten a flight and was waiting in Geneva for Nina to arrive.

We had dinner, then went to bed. I had saved a couple of pills from the batch I'd got for Nina, and I gave them to Helen. She was holding up better than I had expected—I still don't know how—but I knew she needed to sleep. Myself, I couldn't dose off, not for a long while.



HELEN STEWART: NEVER FREE OF PAIN

I lay there thinking how stupid the whole business is, how futile and painful, and I didn't want my sons Paul and Mark to have anything to do with motor racing. There is always the grief and the terrible pain that people go through when a thing like this happens. I kept seeing Jochen lying in the ambulance, and I saw his left foot and I remembered Nina screaming that we were all mad when we wouldn't let her go to him, and then her sitting all alone with eyes empty.

I didn't want to look at Helen beside me, sleeping there with her blindfolds on, and I kept reading my book and trying not to think about what happened, and finally I went to sleep.

But not well. I was up around 6:30 and tried reading and then went down to the pool and had breakfast. Helen came out and we talked about what we were going to do. We'd forget about driving home and after the race charter a plane, and then later we'd all go together with the boys' nanny to Canada and then to Watkins Glen, and afterward we'd go to John Mecom's island in the Gulf of Mexico and Nina would join us, and we'd all try to forget Europe and try to wash everything away and just have a rest. She agreed, and we decided that this was what we were going to do, and then before driving into Monza for the race we went out

*continued*



## The only thing theirs can do that ours can't

You've read all the claims that golf ball manufacturers make about distance, accuracy, compression, etc. Now it's time to look at a few facts!

**Fact 1.** Mechanical driving machine tests proved that no ball travels farther or truer than the Golden Ram.

**Fact 2.** Compression and ring tests show that, because it's windings adhere to the cover, the Golden Ram can't lose compression or roundness.

**Fact 3.** Rebound, air-cannon, initial velocity, abrasion and extreme temperature tests prove Ram's overall superior durability and playability.

**Fact 4.** The ax test proved that the Golden Ram, because of its DuPont Surlin cover, couldn't do one thing all the other balls could. It couldn't out!



**GOLDEN RAM GOLF BALLS**

AT YOUR PRO SHOP

RAM GOLF CORP.

WILKINS PARK, ILLINOIS 60160

STEWART *continued*

for a ride on Lake Como in a speedboat.

The crowd was the same as ever. The same cheering, the pushing, the confusion: an incredible number of people still didn't know that Jochen was dead. Several times I was taken for him, and I wasn't ready for that. I wasn't signing any autographs. I was going to race and then clear out. I was sober, just very down but together. The pits were the coolest place and I was there pretty much by myself, trying to be calm and waiting for the start.

But it didn't last. I had got my overalls on and was ready to go out when Austrian Television came over and asked if I would do a tribute to Jochen for a program that was going out the next evening. A quarter of the way into it I couldn't go on. I had to turn away and leave them and I started to cry. The interviewer, too, was crying. I don't know what kind of program they came away with after that.

The race itself isn't worth talking about, except, perhaps, that I did it. I was third past the pits on the first lap—Jacky Ickx, Pedro Rodriguez, then myself—and I led for 20 or so laps and finally finished second. I felt a little tired about two-thirds of the way through, which is unusual for me at Monza, and when it was over the whole world came crashing down, the weight of yesterday, all the emotion, the strain, everything on top of me. I remember putting my sun visor up and taking off my gloves to get air, to feel free. When I brought the car back into the pits the crowd had already started to surge across the track—it had been a Ferrari win for Regazzoni—and I was zigzagging, trying to move them out of the way. I felt myself running over the toes or feet of maybe five or six people, and then I was out of the car. I had froth on my mouth. I wanted to be sick. I was in the same state as on Saturday: I didn't know what to do with myself, I didn't know where to turn, and at the same time I was aware of the crowd standing outside my pit, thousands of them chanting, "Jackie, Jackie," and all of them waving. Somebody took my crash helmet and Helen took me out of there. After that she left me, and the last thing I remember was showing my way into the Dunlop place and having them take off my overalls and their rubbing me down front and back with ice and trying to give me water. I passed out.

Nothing ends the way you thought it did. As I come back to what happened, there are memories, thoughts, questions and only some small understanding of what it meant. Little things, fragments, fill my mind and remain, parts of the whole I cannot integrate and have to acknowledge, hoping they will take care of themselves.

As before the start of the race, when I saw the Austrian representative of the FIA speaking with Helen and knowing it was no time for him to be talking to her because it could only have been about Jochen. Telling him to stop. Then afterward Helen telling me he had said Nana had gone to Jochen the night before in the mortuary, and Jochen had looked all right.

Or on Saturday late, as we drove back to the Villa d'Este, Helen's asking why, before she had gone with Nana to the hospital in Milan, why, why hadn't I told her Jochen was already dead? Finding myself pleased that I had raced and raced aggressively, finishing second while I might easily have done third or fourth, since no one could have blamed me. But my wanting to win, knowing I

*This article is the second of two excerpts from the book "Faster! A Racer's Diary" to be published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.*

couldn't beat the Ferrari, not there, not in the March but still beating Denny Hulme and Beltoise, strong fighters both, and in some small way justifying myself to Ken Tyrrell, to the team, to the people who said I was washed up and, of course, to myself as well. At a price yes, possibly, but my knowing that it was something I had to do and did, and did despite not having to.

And afterward, trying to leave the track on heavy traffic, a guy in an Alfa coming up and offering to take us by a back road to the airport, where a friend was waiting with his Lear to take us home, leading us the whole way, going an hour out of his way, taking us right onto the landing strip and then, with a wave, swinging around and driving away. And the flight back, 30 minutes, my flying most of the way with nothing in my head except the plane and trying to fly it, Helen looking out the window most of the time, waiting to reach Nana, and maybe a little afraid. The calm when we got there, Sally and Nana's dad and everybody being bloody great, Sally very, very good, and our talking about what

*continued*

# WEST!



There's nobody else exactly like him.

Jerry West has all the moves.

He'll throw you off balance by giving the ball an extra bounce just before he gets off his jump shot.

Play him too tight, he'll give you a head and shoulder fake—and drive right in.

He's an instinctive player, with an unselfish sense of team responsibility and a complete dedication to the game.

And it's all part of what's made him the highest scorer in NBA Playoff history.

Yes. Jerry has his own individual style. He's unique. So are you. That's why Equitable designs individual life insurance programs to meet your individual needs. To us, there's nobody else exactly like you.

*Helping people build a better life*

**THE EQUITABLE**

© The Equitable Life Assurance Society  
of the United States, New York, N.Y. 10001

# English Leather. The Heavy Duty Deodorant.

What do we mean by heavy duty?

Just this: A thick stick of deodorant laden with lots of our clean, fresh, long-lasting English Leather's scent.

With one application you get plenty of coverage and plenty of deodorant protection.

And it's your personal deodorant. Only you use it.

Which is another good reason why our English Leather stick deodorant lasts longer.

Try our Heavy Duty Stick Deodorant. It comes in a tough plastic container. Very convenient and safe for traveling.

All for a light price: \$1.25



**English  
Leather.**



**DEODORANT  
STICK**

NET WT. 2.75 OZ.

PRODUCT OF HELM CO., INC. WORTHVILLE, N.J. 08091 © 1975

## STEWART

we might do like continuing the Jochen Rindt Speed Show in Vienna, maybe one in Munich, perhaps another in Eysen. Talking, talking... and then going home down the hill in the dark and with a great headache. Being able to sleep, not knowing anything more but finally, now, necessarily going to sleep.

The funeral was on Friday, in Graz, Austria. During the week I was in London and Scotland as well as at home in Switzerland, and besides helping Nina with arrangements, I saw to various things. I worked out the details for a discotheque and a Harrods' fashion show at my own speed show in Glasgow, filmed a TV commercial, saw my lawyers and then, on Friday, flew to Austria, Helen and I, Jo and Marianne Bonnes and Jo Silber.

But now the funeral is less important than the accident. I am not convinced that Jochen had to die nor am I sure that the crash was in any way his fault. The reports from the organizers, the course marshals, the national club and the doctors are not all back as I write this, but one thing is certain: while Jochen was being worked on in that narrow ambulance, not 20 yards away stood an intensive-care medical unit with the latest mechanical devices for resuscitation and all the blood he might have needed, an air-conditioned, fully germ-free operating theater offering him every possible chance to survive. And this was not used. The medical unit was his only chance. His jugular was cut and there must have been massive hemorrhaging, but this probably didn't have to be fatal. A severed jugular, I am told, does two things: not only does it let all the blood out, it allows air into the bloodstream that must be gotten out before it reaches the heart or brain. The bleeding is not the central problem so long as blood is being put back into the system, either blood or a special plasma solution; it is the oxygenation and consequent heart stoppage that must be dealt with, and dealt with quickly, within 12 minutes of the injury, and by mechanical means—by precisely the kind of machine that was available but not in that ambulance. Even if Jochen were dead when they took him out of his car, if his heart had stopped beating, had they gotten him to the medical unit quickly, it is possible that with a good anesthetist he could have been brought back to life. There was a chance he might have survived,

but again, probably not through simple chest respiration and the use of an oxygen mask.

Why wasn't the Grand Prix medical unit used? There is no explanation but politics. The unit is allowed on sufferance because if it weren't, direct accusations could be made. But on Saturday no one had instructions to use it and despite all the efforts of Louis Stanley, director of the unit, Jochen was kept in that ambulance. They wouldn't give him up, they took him by road to Milan, to *Ilva* hospital. Not even a helicopter was used, and if Jochen was alive when the ambulance drove off, as some people say, and he died en route, then the whole thing amounts to criminal incompetence, almost bloody murder. If there is some other explanation, I have yet to hear it.

The accident itself? A mechanical failure, I am almost certain. Jochen was approaching the Parabolica Curve after a very long straight at a top speed of about 185 mph, perhaps 190. As he applied the brakes the car suddenly turned sharp left and went into a double Armco barrier. The nose cone of the car went beneath the barrier—which it oughtn't have done and the impact ripped off the whole front end or subsection completely. The cockpit area was intact, the car stayed upright—and there was no fire. I don't know what happened to Jochen, I can only guess. I'm sure he had his seat belts on, though he never wore six-point belts—the type with crotch straps that come up inside each leg to keep you from sliding forward or "submarining" on front-end impact. He didn't like them—said they were uncomfortable—and I think this played a major part in his injuries. On impact he went down and forward, cutting his neck on the Plexiglas windshield or his seat belts, tearing his foot as the front section of the car came away.

The crash itself, the loss of control, will probably never be fully explained, yet one obvious explanation is a broken drive shaft. And indeed, one of the car's drive shafts was later found to be broken. In itself this isn't conclusive, but I am told that not only was a front brake shaft broken—the Lotus 72 had inboard front brakes, hence front drive shafts—but given the angle of the car's impact, this in all likelihood would not have been caused by the crash itself. No, probably what happened was that

continued



**(Too much flash.)**



**(Focused Flash.)**

One of Polaroid's Focused Flash 400s made this difference. You can forget burnouts. You can forget blackouts. For shots as close as  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet, a set of louvers closes down over the flashcube for beautiful exposures. For group shots as far as 10 feet away, they open wide to let out all the light from the Hi-Power flashcube. (Just shoot normally.

It's automatic as you focus.) There are four models in our 400 Land camera line and prices start at under \$60 without Focused Flash, under \$70 with. Spend the extra \$10 and see the light.



# It's a lot of cars



The Porsche 917, the most renowned racing car in the world today, has a servo-thrust synchromesh transmission. So does the Audi.

The simplest, most direct steering system a car can have is rack-and-pinion steering. The 512 racing Ferrari has it. So does the Audi.



Both the Cadillac Eldorado and the Audi have front-wheel drive. But we had it first.



The Audi holds as much luggage



# for the money.



You get just about the same headroom and legroom in the Audi as you do in the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.



The interior on the top is the incomparable Mercedes-Benz 280SE. The one on the bottom is the Audi 100LS.

You'll have to admit there's an uncanny resemblance.

as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV.



An Audi gets the same kind of expert service a Volkswagen gets. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

**The \$3,900 Audi\***  
It's a lot of cars for the money.

\*Suggested retail price East Coast P.D.E. for 100LS \$3,855. Other Audi models start at \$3,085. Leatherette upholstery and wheels all tires optional, at extra cost. West Coast P.D.E. slightly higher. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Porsche Audi - a division of Volkswagen.

17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. '71)

A romantic picnic scene unfolds in a lush green field. A man in a yellow shirt and a woman in a brown jacket are sitting on a blue and white checkered blanket. The man is blowing a flute, and the woman is holding a cigarette. A wicker picnic basket and a red bag filled with fruit are on the blanket. In the background, a large red hot air balloon with the word "LARK" written on it in white letters floats in the sky. The basket of the balloon also has "LARK" written on it. In the foreground, a large pack of Lark cigarettes is prominently displayed. The pack is red with white text and features the Lark logo. The text on the pack includes "LARK", "FILTER CIGARETTES", "WITH THE GAS TRAP™ FILTER", and "40 CIGARETTES". A small tag on the pack reads "Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health."

***Put some more flavor in your life***

*Smoke from the finest tobaccos filtered through a bed of real charcoal to enrich the flavor and soften the taste.*



the front drive shaft fractured under braking, leaving one of the front wheels without brakes and making the car uncontrollable. This is the only coherent explanation, nothing else squares with what happened, with the eyewitness accounts at the time.

Does it matter? Yes, obviously. One has faith in one's driving, and in my case this extended to Jochen as well. I know how good he was, and it is inconceivable that the accident was his own fault—not there, not the way it happened. Part of my concern has to do with not knowing the most recent Grand Prix accidents, maybe 90', have been caused by mechanical failures, my faith that the danger isn't in oneself but in the car, and is thus still within your control, yours and the team you choose to work for. But equally, I would like to exonerate Jochen. Lotus has had more than its share of fatalities. Jimmy Clark, Mike Spence, Chris Bristow, Alan Stacey, Ricardo Rodriguez and now Jochen have all died in Lotus cars. Stirling Moss, too, was in a Lotus when he had his bad accident at Goodwood. This isn't bitterness, it is fact, and the point is that at the speeds we are now going a racing car must be designed with a sufficient margin of strength and lightness, but it must be weighed in favor of strength and safety. It must. Motor racing will always be dangerous because you are always going much too fast for things around you. But being professionals we must minimize risk as much as possible: the risk of having an accident, the risk of not surviving one. We can use flameproof overalls, the latest in crash helmets and fire-fighting equipment, but the cars themselves must not come apart, otherwise these other things are all for naught. Quite simply, there are situations in which the very best safety equipment is completely worthless.

Jochen's death has hit Helen hard, though just how hard I am not sure because it doesn't really come out. She had already experienced more tragedy and more death than most people have in a lifetime, and now, at 27, she has been through it twice more in the past two months. The wound is reopened, and even more deeply because Helen liked Jochen.

Jochen was a strange man. He didn't like many people and he wasn't very forgiving. He felt most people were foolish.

continued

BARBARA HALE FOR AMANA:

**"Make the greatest cooking discovery since fire."**



MODEL RRA

**Amana Radarange**  
MICROWAVE OVEN

**Bakes a potato in 4 minutes, cooks a hot dog in 20 seconds and a 5-pound roast in 35 minutes.**

Cooking with a Radarange is no different from what you're used to... only much faster... frozen food, leftovers or a fancy roast. Cooks most everything in about one fourth the time and it's so easy to use—just set the timer, push the start button. Operates anywhere there's ordinary household current.

Only the food gets hot, the oven stays cool. Cleanup is easy, too. You cook on

paper, glass or china or cook directly on the exclusive broiler tray that's included... and clean the oven with a damp cloth.

Only Amana can make a Radarange. If it doesn't say Amana, it's not a Radarange microwave oven. There are now three models to choose from. See them all at your Amana dealer or write: Ann MacGregor, Dept. 182, Amana, Iowa 52203 for literature.

**Radarange** made only by **Amana**  
MICROWAVE OVEN

Backed by a century old tradition of fine craftsmanship.  
AMANA REFRIGERATOR, INC., AMANA, IOWA 52203, SUBSIDIARY OF BAYBROOK COMPANY

**There is  
a Movement in  
this country.**

A new movement among people who want to do something—personally—about the problems that face us.

It's called ACTION.

ACTION is Peace Corps. ACTION is VISTA. ACTION is Foster Grandparents. ACTION is the Service Corps of Retired Executives. All of these and more—committed to working

together, face to face where it really makes a difference.

ACTION is over 25,000 Americans—college students and retired people—men and women, black and white, of all incomes, ages and from all walks of life.

Find out how you can be part of ACTION. Write ACTION, Washington, D.C. 20525.



**ACTION**

People helping people help themselves

**BATA.**  
The name  
of the shoe  
whatever  
the name  
of the game.



From tennis to boating, or whatever the sport, Bata makes a shoe to fit. More people the world over wear Bata shoes than any other brand.

For dealer call free  
800-631-1972  
In N. J.  
800-962-2803

**Bata**

Sports Division Bata Shoe Co. Inc., Batcamp, Md. 21117

STEWART

and if he thought someone was questionable by way of intelligence or anything else, he wouldn't have anything to do with him. He was a hard man but also very gentle, particularly if someone needed help, and Helen knew this. Now there is the refocusing of her fears, of course, but there is also the grief, and beyond trying to get her to open up and talk about it, I don't know what I can do. Probably nothing.

And so what I am trying to say is that I now understand as I've never understood before that there can be no way of life more difficult than that of the wife of a racing driver. We no longer have any friends left in motor racing—we've lost Jimmy, Mike Spence, we've lost Piers and now we've lost Jochen. All these people were our friends. They were a part of Helen's life as much as mine, and they are now gone. They are not here any more. The only person left is Graham Hill, he is the only one we are not close to the others. All this must have an effect on a woman. I have an escape. I go into the clouds as soon as I am driving. Everything vanishes from my mind and I am terribly busy. Helen's got to watch and subdue any feelings of fear or apprehension. She has got to control them, put them away, lock them up week after week and carry on the life of a mother without being neurotic, without coming apart or turning bad or even passing on the anxieties to our children. It is hard, very hard and even though Helen is strong and competent, I know it must have taken its toll.

Griff? Yes, sure. It is an extremely selfish thing I'm doing, in many ways very wrong. No one need tell me this. But racing is my occupation, the source of my income and the thing I do best. There is nothing I can do better or anything I now want to, and I am at an age when it would be wrong of me to retire. It would be an emotional decision I would later regret. Helen knows this, we've talked about it, accepted it. And if it's there the bad with the good. If anything happens to me, there is insurance, a lot of it, and there are investments and the people to look after them. There is the house and there are our friends. Beyond this, though, there would also be the sea, the tragedy she would live with for years, the awful, numbing thing now facing Nana, and about this there is very little you can say.

END

# best ball?

Our three Maxfli are alike except for compression.

The Green is for the easy swinger. The Red if yours is a faster, stronger swing. And the Black, our highest compression ball, is for the power hitter, the slammer.

Try all three. When you decide which Maxfli feels right, stick with it. It's your Best Ball. Maxfli by Dunlop, Buffalo, N.Y./Toronto, Ont. Sold only by Golf Professionals.



In golf, the name of the game is

**DUNLOP**

# Can you buy life insurance that will insure you for life... without lifetime payments?

Yes, indeed. One way is to buy a special kind of insurance called *limited payment life insurance*.

Which means that you can enjoy a lifetime of protection in return for a limited number of premiums, paid over a predetermined time.

How many years you pay is up to you. And when those years are up, you never have to make another payment as long as you live.

If you'd like to know more about limited payment life insurance, or any of the many other kinds of life insurance, send today for

your free copy of our fact-filled 64-page booklet,

"Understanding Your Life Insurance." This will help the next time you have a talk with one of the trained life insurance agents in your community.

Mail me a free copy of your 64-page booklet  
Understanding Your Life Insurance

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

## Institute of Life Insurance

Central source of information about life insurance  
277 Park Avenue Dept. B4, New York, N.Y. 10017



Sylvie Cook and John Fairfax became the first persons to row across the Pacific when they arrived in Australia last week after an 8,000-mile voyage from San Francisco in their \$5,000 rowboat. Sylvie, for one, must be glad it's over. It was bad enough that Fairfax kept getting washed overboard and that they lived on rafts for days on end. On top of that she confessed she isn't much of a swimmer.

◆ The deputy head of the Chinese Ping-Pong team, Li Meng-hua, avoided the ever-present question of which is better, the penholder or hand-shake grip by employing the old-fashioned baseball grip in this workout at Bethesda-Chesapeake High School near Washington, D.C. last week.

The wonder is that their paths had not crossed before. But Muhammad Ali and Bernie Pollack, a Deer Lake, Pa. rank rancher and fight enthusiast, finally met

this month, and the friendship seems certain to blossom. Disappointed with his showing against Mac Foster in Tokyo on April 1, Ali decided to accept Pollack's recent invitation to go into semi-seclusion in the mountains of Pennsylvania for some serious training before the George Chuvalo fight. Ali arrived at the Pollack ranch with a horse, backboard and an \$8,000 mobile home to use as headquarters for his new Spartan life. Pollack is delighted. "He's an amazing man, a charming guy," says the rancher. "But, wow, does he spend money."

Another big spender in his day was old Cassius M. Clay, the 19th century Kentucky abolitionist. Last week in Lexington, television station WKYT scheduled a show about Cassius M. Clay's home, White Hall, now a state shrine. Producer Ted Grizzard sent out announcements for the television logs that read in part, "Today, a look at White Hall, the home of Cassius Clay." An overzealous editor at TV Guide saw the entry and changed it to: "Today: a look at White Hall, the home of Muhammad Ali."

The baseball strike and attendant hard times have energized several players' wives into helping make ends meet. Jeri Roseboro, wife of California Angel Coach John Roseboro, has organized some 35 wives of athletes into a service and speaking agency. They address luncheons, banquets and television audiences with their accounts of life as an athlete's spouse and are planning a number of community projects. The group calls itself The Supporters and at the moment is slightly weighted toward the baseball contingent, with Mary Grabarkewitz, Jean Lefebvre and Patty Sutton, all wives of Dodgers. But the ladies' auxiliary is also ready for the bus-

ketball and football crowds with Ruby (Mrs. Elgin) Baylor, Pam (Mrs. Les) Josephson and Louise (Mrs. Joe) Seibell on the roster. One could even say they were women for all seasons.

The environmental movement, which has given New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller quite a bit of flak lately, is infiltrating his own household. His 7-year-old son, Nelson Jr., has been beating the bushes for litter in Manhattan's Central Park, the governor reported last week, filling 37 bags on one recent foray with a group from his school. The lad doesn't let up when he gets home, either. "He tells his mother she should stop polluting by stopping smoking," said the Gov.

The St. Louis Cardinals may be fielding a team to throw nostalgia into ecstasy one of these days. Down on the farm this spring the Redbirds are bringing along a flock of fledglings that includes no fewer than six sons of ex-major-leaguers. The list includes Dudley Mitchell, son of ex-Dodger Dale (he made the last out in Don Larsen's 1956

Series no-hitter); Tom Zimmer, son of ex-Dodger and Cubs Don Bob Kennedy Jr., whose dad played mostly for the White Sox and Indians in the '40s and '50s; Carl Sawaiski Jr., son of the former Cardinal catcher, Tom Heinzelman, son of Ken Heinzelman, the former Pirate and Phillies pitcher; Mark Mueller, whose dad—Don Mueller of the old New York Giants—grandfather and great-uncle all were major-leaguers.

The week's bread-on-the-Walters Award goes to Corky Calhoun, the Penn basketball star who after completing his fourth year on a scholarship signed with the Phoenix Suns for a substantial bonus. Did Corky rush out and buy a new convertible? He did not. At the school's basketball banquet last month, he said thanks for "four beautiful years of my life," and then pledged part of his bonus to establish a new Penn scholarship fund.

◆ Once he gets rolling, there's no stopping 465-pound John Truden, winner for the third time of the World Heavyweight Ski Race at Sugarloaf Mountain, Me. He finished ahead of 26 other entrants, each of whom donated 3¢ per pound to charity as an entry fee. Contrary to rumor, the descent of all those chubbies did not set off an avalanche—it only seemed like it.

After his team dropped a 5-2 decision to the Orioles in Baltimore, Billy Martin got into an altercation with a supermarket employee named Jack Sears on the way to the team bus. Martin apparently landed a couple of punches—Sears later displayed a bruised cheek and swollen nose—and perhaps took one in return. Sears says he wouldn't think of pressing charges. Turns out he is an avid Tiger fan and plans never to wash the hand he punched Martin with.



# The Master Wax shine. It survived the snows of Minnesota, the sun of Arizona, and the son of William Bailey.



What snow-melting road chemicals and blazing-hot sun do to a car's finish is nothing compared to what Bill Bailey's boy can do. Some guys baby their car. He tortures his. On dirt tracks, back roads, no roads at all. The dirt and grime he picks up are enough to tear the finish off any car. Any car not protected by Master Wax.



Master Wax protects against the worst driving conditions imaginable. Man-made, nature-made or Bailey-made. Easy-to-use Master Wax is detergent proof, too. So when he washes off the dirt he won't wash off the shine. Simoniz Master Wax has it all. The protection your car needs and the shine you want. Plus a very strong will to survive.

## Simoniz Master Wax

© 1972 Morton Research Products, Inc. SIMONIZ and Master Wax are registered trademarks.

**MagFlash™ ignition  
and exhaust tuning.**

**Two reasons Johnson  
outsells them all.**



Last year, our 60 hp was America's most popular outboard, bar none.

So you're probably thinking we left it alone to rest on its laurels. Wrong.

Here's what we did, for you.

Exhaust tuning let us up the horsepower to 65 without increasing engine size. With better fuel economy, too.

MagFlash CD ignition is a fast step forward. It'll deliver 40,000 volts to the plugs in less than three millionths of a second. For the quickest starts in the business. Plus smoother idling, trolling and running. MagFlash has no moving mechanical parts to wear or replace.

And you get longer plug life.

Loop-Charging is a quick way of saying we efficiently charge cylinders with fuel, and exhaust the gases, in a continuous power loop. For more horsepower and more miles per gallon.

And our single-lever power shifting is up to 30 percent easier than manual shifts.

See your Johnson dealer. And look over our other Loop-Charger, the Sea-Horse 50, too.

Write for our 50th anniversary catalog.

**Johnson** 50th Anniversary

Hardly had the former Washington Senators decided to call themselves the Texas Rangers when Sissy Farenthold, a Texas gubernatorial candidate, proposed to abolish their namesakes. Needless to say, she got nowhere, and both outfits were doing nicely, thank you, as the baseball team played its strike-delayed opening home game last Friday.

Manager Ted Williams was still affecting toughness—"They like you in April, but you don't know what's going to happen in June," he growled, upholding tradition—but a real smile kept fighting to break out. Williams actually looked happy as the photographers went to work. He posed with Little Leaguers, smiling. He even autographed their bus. One suspected that Williams greatly liked the kids.

The expanded Arlington Stadium turned out to be virtually a new park with a good baseball atmosphere, and the Ranger management wisely encouraged a nice, casual, y'all drop on over and pay us a little visit feeling. Quite the opposite of many big-league regames, which seem to be saying it is an act of considerable largesse on their part that they are admitting the public at all, and on condition that the outsiders be unobtrusive and respectful of the mysteries being performed.

As the Rangers were introduced, no great football roar went up from the crowd of 20,105. There was only the light clattering sound of clapping. It was a baseball crowd all right, and a dignified one. For a while the people threatened to be all too quiet and respectful. They were men coming home from work and women from an afternoon shopping at the Piggly Wiggly—nice people, salt-of-the-earth people, but scarcely a mob whose cry made the heart freeze.

Tossing out the first ball had no drama. The first pitch, lamentably a ball, had no anything. The visiting California Angels went out in order, to relative quiet. Lenny Randle, Texas' all-time first Arlington batter, tapped an easy grounder to short for the Rangers. It was quiet. Dave Nelson struck out. It was dead quiet.

And then Frank Howard set baseball ahead weeks and months in Texas. Just as the crowd was wondering what was on *The Late Show*, the ball came off his bat in a splendid, towering arc, destined all the way for a home run. It vanished

## New home on the range

**Texas finally opened it—to joyous approval—as Frank Howard boomed a mighty home run and all of Ted Williams' transplants chipped in**

into the darkness far above the 400 sign in precise dead center field, as if Howard had pointed there.

The crowd roared a tremendous roar, and major league baseball was born. The Texas Rangers had been a laboratory creature, smelling of formaldehyde and patched-together cudgers. Howard's clout spanked life into the monster.

Filtering into the park from a mile-long traffic jam, the assemblage roared some more when the Rangers scored two more runs in the third, two in the fourth, another in the fifth and another in the sixth. It murmured loud approval as Shortstop Toby Harrah, who had been .091 on the road, collected three straight hits. It cheered as Randle, 3 for 16 heretofore, got three straight hits. It cheered when singles hitter Nelson slammed one into the seats. It managed a really major league boo when California deliberately walked Frank Howard his second time up.

There was almost too much to cheer about. After the Rangers mounted up a 6-1 lead, the crowd fell into a surfeited Sunday picnic semisilence, even during California rallies that brought the Angels back within one run, 7-6. But in the ninth, as Relievers Casey Cox and Paul Lindblad, rescuing Dick Bosman's win, did away with a smaller threat and moved the first home victory into sight, the Texans cheered every pitch.

Enormous, gentle Frank Howard, sitting in the clubhouse, denied having screen-written his dramatic bid-lifter. "A guy just does the best he can," the red-haired giant said earnestly. "We're aware you can't peddle a poor product to the public. It's nice to think that these people's first memory of major league baseball might be my home run, but I really hope that their memory is the win."

A very happy younger player, Harrah, chatted easily with all comers.

"These people are nice to play for," he volunteered. "They're extremely polite, completely different from Washington. When I made an error, I didn't hear a sound; when I went into the hole for a ball, they cheered real good. I hope to live up to what they want to see."

Everybody was happy. Harrah had had his first hurrah. Howard was re-established, and that was good. Five years, 10 years ago, Dallas-Fort Worth really wanted baseball, felt it needed baseball. Now things are different. Baseball truly needs a place like Dallas-Fort Worth.

---

### THE WEEK

by JIM KAPLAN

---

**NL EAST** It was spraguitic in the majors, time for biblical rains and inverted standings. Nowhere was the scene more topsy-turvy or clamorous than in MONTREAL, where some 300,000 people lined the streets to welcome the club home. Reciprocity, the Expos made the celebration last all week by remaining baseball's only unbeaten team. After three ex-Mets, Ken Singleton, Tim Lincecum and Mike Jorgensen, had helped win the first three games, including one over New York, Jim Farris drove home the winning runs in the fourth and fifth. "They're having a lot of fun," said Manager Gene Mauch, "but I don't know what the fuss is about. We won eight in a row last year and nobody got very excited." All over, baseball players were turning on their ex-masters. PHILADELPHIA'S Steve Carlton shut out the Cardinals, who had traded him, on three hits. Teammate Joe Hoerner, another ex-Cardinal secretly concealing his mirth, said: "That is the last team in the world Steve would like to shut out." New York's Tom Seaver won his 15th 4-0 with CHICAGO'S no-hit rookie Bert

continued



## ARMSTRONG RHINO TUFF TIRES...

### BASEBALL *Continued*

Hoosier on a couple of weak run-producing singles by Bud Harrelson and Ken Bowell. It was Seaver's second win in two starts. The 1-6 beginning by St. Louis was its worst in more than 25 years. For the second year in a row the Cubs dropped their first series at Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium after a Milt Pappas win in the opener. The Pirates could do no wrong even when they did wrong. Gene Clines failed to touch first, nullifying a game-tying double against the Phillies, but Gene Alley doubled Manny Sanguillen home in the ninth and Vic Davalillo won the game with a 10th-inning homer.

**MONT 3-0 PIT 4-2 NY 2-2  
PHIL 2-3 CH 2-4 ST, L 1-8**

### NL WEST

While LOS ANGELES and Willie Davis were vandalizing the division (page 18), ATLANTA's pitchers were providing another barrage—for the opposition. In eight games they allowed 40 runs. Henry Aaron started the season by going 1 for 22 and Orlando Cepeda, a battered knee nothing, was contemplating retirement. "I am serious," he said. "The pain and the needles are getting to be too much. I don't want to go through more pain and I don't want people to feel sorry for me." Atlanta's hitters finally broke loose when Aaron, Rico Carty and Oscar Brown hit one homer apiece and Earl Williams two as the Braves beat CINCINNATI 11-7. The Reds trailed only the Dodgers in team batting, but then power men Johnny Bench and Tony Perez had only five hits between them in six games. SAN DIEGO's John Jeter ran into the Giants' Willie McCovey, breaking McCovey's right arm. "I feel like I killed Santa Claus," Jeter said. The next night he broke Juan Marshall, beating him with a two-run homer in the ninth. With McCovey out up to three months, SAN FRANCISCO was dependent more than ever on its youth movement. Twenty-three-year-old Dave Kingman, appropriately named at 6' 6", moved from third to McCovey's first-base position. Fran Healy, 25, became the catcher when Dick Dietz, a good hitter but the passed-hall champion of the world, was waived and claimed by Los Angeles. And Don Caruthers, 22, became the fourth starter. Then hot bats came to town, held Kingman and Healy hitless and beat Caruthers 6-0. It was the Astros' fifth straight win, left-fielder Bob Watson, for one, was not hurt by the strike. "In 1969," he said, "I started the season 0 for 11 and in 1970 I was 0 for 8. Last year I started off 0 for 15. So by not playing those first nine games, I won't be taking all those oh-furs this year." Instead, he was hitting .304.

**LA 7-1 HOUS 5-2 SF 4-4  
SD 2-8 CIN 3-4 ATL 2-7**



## AL EAST

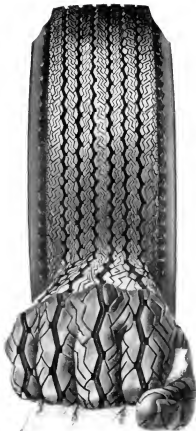
As the Tigers arrived in Baltimore, Norm Cash boasted, "If we beat 'em three straight we may never be behind again all year." Joe Coleman promptly pitched to them to a 5-3 win. But the next day Boog Powell's somnolent bat awakened to double home the winning run in a 5-2 Orioles victory, and then the Orioles beat the Tigers 1-0 on Paul Blair's homer. Cash clutched up. Detroit Manager Billy Martin, who hadn't had a good fight since he knocked out Dave Boswell in 1969, tangled with a fan in the Baltimore parking lot. He turned out to be a Tiger fan. NEW YORK'S "Grand Design of the Spring"—taking five or six of the eight scheduled April games with Baltimore—collapsed when five were canceled by the strike, one was rained out and two were lost. Yankee Third Baseman Rich McManey had four errors in one game, tying a league record, as visitors scored nine unearned runs and won 11-7. Sonny Siebert managed two wins for the punchless (.219) Red Sox. CLEVELAND Manager Ken Aspromonte let himself go talking about Waddy Bell, son of the former National League star Gus. "He reminds me of a young Mickey Mantle. He's a player with charisma and unlimited potential." Aspromonte could be excused. His rookie outfielder had just hit a grand-slam home run to help beat Baltimore 9-2 and the Indians were flying, for them, at .500. MILWAUKEE, though, was having trouble getting off the ground. In rainy, 40° weather Saturday the Brewers were not hit for six innings and beaten by Detroit's Coleman 8-2 in their delayed home opener.

BALT 2-3 DET 3-3 BOST 3-2  
CLEV 3-3 NY 3-4 MIL 1-3

## AL WEST

Maybe pitchers were ahead of hitters, but no one was ahead of one ex-pitcher, Bobby Darwin, a 29-year-old rookie who labored for eight of his 10 minor league seasons as a pitcher, moved into the MINNESOTA outfield and homered three times. OAKLAND was doing O.K. without Vida Blue. Denny McLain, last year's biggest loser, pitched 7½ innings without allowing an earned run and Ken Holtzman issued no walks in 17 innings. CHICAGO's Dick Allen, playing on his fourth team in four years, hit safely in his first five games and the White Sox spoke of him as a team leader. After a fan handed KANSAS CITY Manager Bob Lemon an Eisenhower dollar as a good-luck piece, the Royals opened with three wins. Lemon hung onto the dollar but they then lost five straight. CALIFORNIA had little to cheer except the news that Nolan Ryan defeated the Twins on four hits 1-0.

OAK 4-1 CHI 4-2 MINN 3-2  
TEX 3-3 KC 3-3 CAL 3-4



## GRIP THE ROAD

Tires that skid cause more accidents than blowouts. That's why you need Armstrong Rhino Tuff Tires — specially built to grip the road for your family's protection. For the newest in safe, dependable tires—from glass belts to steel belts, from bias ply to radials—see your Armstrong Dealer today.

**ARMSTRONG TIRES**

## Because of a clause, a cause

The National Football League season will get underway four months early this year. Only the game they will be playing, which pits those high-flying owners against the rough, tough players, is called Option Clause.

The kickoff will be at midnight on April 30 when about 50 players—including Quarterback Bill Kilmer, Running Backs MacArthur Lane and Donny Anderson and Wide Receiver Marlin Briscoe—will become free agents and thus officially available on the open market. This will be confusing to some, for it is generally assumed that the NFL survives only because an open market on players does not exist, an assumption that has been sanctified by act of Congress. It should prove alarming to others because, while this is an annual phenomenon, the usual number of players available is eight or 10. The reasons why there are more this year are 1) the Nixon wage freeze and 2) growing owner resistance to increased player demands, matched by growing player dissatisfaction, not just with the money they are not getting but with working conditions.

Then, early in May the NFL Players Association plans to file suit in federal district court against NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle and the 26 NFL clubs. The suit will charge that the freedom given annually to free agents is an illusion and that even as a partially exempt industry this constitutes an illegal restraint of trade and a violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

"There is a great deal of misunderstanding among the general public about the option clause," says Ed Garvey, the NFLPA's executive director. "What most people don't know when they read

about someone playing out his option is that it is not his option he is playing out at all, it is the owner's option."

The Option Clause, as written into the Standard Player Contract, works like this: prior to May of the year in which his current contract expires, each player receives from his front office a letter stating that the club intends, as described in the contract, to exercise its option to an additional year of the player's services, without a contract and at no less than 90% of his current salary. In the vast majority of cases, the letter is mailed for routine protection, the owner hoping to get the player's signature on a new contract.

If the player refuses to sign, he becomes a free agent the following May. But any club that signs this free agent must provide satisfactory compensation to the previous owner or come under the jurisdiction of what the players call the Rozelle Rule, what the owners call the Compensation Rule and what the NFLPA suit will be all about. Article 12.1(H) of the Constitution and By-Laws for the NFL states that in such a situation "... the Commissioner may name and then award to the former club one or more players ... of the acquiring club as the Commissioner in his sole discretion deems fair and equitable; any such decision by the Commissioner shall be final and conclusive."

Players and owners agree that the combination of the Option Clause and the Compensation Rule forms a powerful restraint on freedom of movement. From 1966 through 1970, 42 players became free agents, but Rozelle had to act in but two cases, so rare were the consequences of his second ruling: in 1968 the Saints were outraged at having to give up their No. 1 draft choices for that year (Defensive Tackle Kevin Hardy) and for 1969 (who turned out to be Tight End Ted Kwalick) to sign ex-49er Tight End Dave Parks. Of the remaining 40 free agents, only 11 were able to sign on with another club, 24 re-signed with their old clubs, four did not sign and one went to Canada. The bone of contention between management and labor is whether or not this restraint on freedom of movement is essential and legal, essential and therefore legal—or even fair.

The first move in the game of Option Clause is to attempt to establish if the

clause is needed to maintain the competitive balance on which the financial health of the NFL depends, if, in fact, the league needs to enjoy a monopoly of the labor market as well as of the product market. Says Edward Bennett Williams, president of the Washington Redskins, "If you didn't have the option clause you wouldn't have a league. The Lamar Hunts, Clint Murchisons and Bill Fords could hire away all the competition with their huge bankrolls."

This oft-repeated argument exasperates Garvey. "It presumes irrational behavior on the part of the owners," he says. "They are profit maximizers, after all. They are not going to risk making a profit in order to corner the supergame that has no one to play. That argument assumes everyone is a sportsman owner except a few greedy guys."

The Crushing Dynasty Theory is also refuted by a Williams hureling, George Burman, a Redskins center who is working for his Ph.D. in Labor Economics. "An important limitation is that no one would be willing to build a dynasty, and keep it, in a dying industry," he says. "An NFL franchise now goes for \$20 million. What owner would want to see the value of his franchise drop to \$3 million or to zero?"

The second most popular reason for believing that freedom to roam would create competitive imbalance (and financial disaster) is offered by Tex Schramm, president-general manager of the Dallas Cowboys. "Certain cities like New York, Los Angeles and Chicago, in that order, would always be favored because they can offer tremendous fringe benefits to a player," he says. "Weather and glamour would be important factors in attracting top players to Miami, New Orleans and San Francisco."

A final point is introduced by a lawyer who wishes to remain unidentified. He states that TV revenues would plunge from their current heady total of \$45 million a year if freedom of movement became a reality. "The selling of TV rights is very closely connected to maintaining balance," he says. "The networks do not know what games they are buying when they purchase packages from the NFL, but they buy them just the same. It's because of the old cliché that any team can win on any given day. If you are going to have a viable league you must have a way to keep players on a

continued

Until now, not even  
Alcoa could make a  
window like this.



## Until now.

This is the new Alcoa® Insulating Window, designed to provide an effective insulating barrier that keeps you cold out, more heat in. Besides adding comfort, it reduces bothersome sweating and the need for unpleasant maintenance. This window is here now, and only from Alcoa.

Check these extra-value features. Strong, top-quality aluminum and tough, long-lasting vinyl components, plus Alcoa's precision manufacturing techniques, give you a window designed to be trouble-free. It will not warp or rot.

The white Alcoa Alumelure® finish, baked on at the factory, will not flake, chip, crack or peel. It reduces the need for repainting.

Two panes of glass have an air space permanently sealed inside for added insulation.

Flexible vinyl seals the glass and eliminates bothersome recaulking, puttying and chipping. It doesn't need paint.

Special weather stripping reduces drafts. Windows remove easily for washing from the inside, without taking out screens.

Grilles that remove easily for window cleaning are optional.

## ALCOA INSULATING WINDOW

New Alcoa Insulating Windows are a major innovation in window design. They are available in many popular styles. Have your builder install them on your new home or addition for years of comfort and beauty. For more information on these windows, just mail the coupon.

Alcoa Building Products, Inc. 81-6  
1501 Grant Building  
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219

I'm planning ☐ a new home ☐ an addition  
to present home. Please send me more  
information on the new Alcoa Insulating  
Windows.

Name

Address

City

State  Zip

Telephone

Change for the better with  
Alcoa Aluminum

 **ALCOA**

# Chevrolet. Building a better



## Your new Chevelle. For the

Taos, New Mexico. Where the Pueblo civilization was old when Coronado arrived more than four hundred years ago.

Little has changed over the centuries. Ancient Indians made the most of available space by building up. At Taos Pueblo, the thick adobe walls climb five stories high.

America. There's so much to see.

And Chevrolet is building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Like the 1972 Chevelle. It has the size you need for long trip comfort. And it's inside, where it counts.

Compared to most big cars, Chevelle has every bit as much leg room up front. And just a few inches less in back. In a car

# way to see the U.S.A.



*Chevelle Malibu Sport Coupe at the Taos Pueblo in Northern New Mexico.*

## full-size family with the mid-size budget.

that's nearly two feet shorter.

Which brings us to handling. Chevelle gives you a secure, solid feeling. Partly because of its trim size, wide tread and Full Coil suspension.

After all, we want your new Chevelle to be the best car you ever owned.

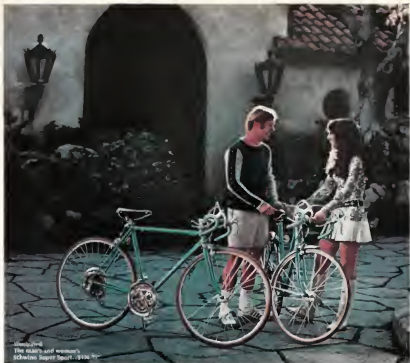
Try one on your family and your

budget for size. At your Chevrolet dealer's. You're likely to discover why Chevelle is America's most popular mid-size car.



**Chevrolet**

*There's so much to see,  
make sure you're around to see it. Buckle up.*



## ...for the young in heart

Outside the sun is warm! The living is great... healthy! ... exhilarating! Outside, where the fun is—on a new, easy-riding Schwinn bike. Millions of fitness-conscious Americans are choosing the Schwinn way to enjoy life at its best... and no wonder! Sophisticated Schwinn lightweight bikes with 10-speed gears are designed especially for the adult rider. From the exclusive Schwinn quality frame to the specially selected precision equipment you can see the difference.

Even more important, you can feel the difference on every ride. Isn't it time you joined the new generation on a new Schwinn? Stop in to see your nearby Authorized Schwinn Dealer... test ride your favorite bike from his selection of 10, 5, or 3-speed Schwinn lightweights. Your Schwinn Dealer will assemble, adjust, and fit your new Schwinn to you personally—all at no extra charge.

**Schwinn**

**BICYCLE COMPANY**

**1846 NORTH KOSTNER AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60639**

\*SUGGESTED PRICE... SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOME AREAS



TANDEMS



RACERS



LIGHTWEIGHTS



EXERCISERS



TRI WHEELS



UNICYCLES



STING-RAYS

team. If you gave players freedom to roam you would begin to nick off teams one at a time. In 10 years you'd have only eight teams left. We'd go back to barnstorming. Popular interest would go downhill. On TV we'd be stuck with a game of the week like college football because there would not be enough good competition around to merit any more than that."

Despite these arguments many players desire some kind of change in the option clause. In a recent poll of its 1,200 members the NFLPA found that 31% of the 840 responding wanted total elimination of the option clause, 62% wanted it modified and 7% wanted no change at all. The players say that there would not be as much shifting of personnel as the owners predict and that what there was would increase competition.

"The biggest movement you'd see would be by players who are now sitting on the bench," says John Mackey, Baltimore tight end and NFLPA president. "A lot of them haven't been treated too well by management. A conservative guess is that there are 25 or 30 backup guys who could be starters on other clubs."

A free labor market is probably the best way for a weak club to become competitive, claims George Burman. "In the long run, straight trading is not going to equalize competition, and as an equalizer the reverse order college draft is pretty much of a hoax," he says. "The worst team really only gets an advantage of one first-round pick over the best team. After that it is actually drafting behind the best, Dallas picks 26th, Buffalo 27th, Dallas picks 52nd, Buffalo 53rd, and so on."

Burman cites several other reasons why a free labor market in the NFL would not generate a wild, destructive bidding war. Pro athletes are pretty much like ordinary people in that they do not want to continually shift their homes and families from city to city. Humane treatment by coaches and management is also an important factor in determining where someone wants to play. "Right now coaches like George Allen, Don Shula, Tommy Prothro, Dick Nolan, a few others, would have a tremendous advantage in a competitive market," says Burman. "They treat their players like grown men."

What about salaries? The consensus of owners and players is that salaries

would rise 15 or 20%, and that most of that increase would go to superstars and players in key positions.

The legal ramifications of the option clause are due for an airing in court. The Supreme Court is expected to announce its decision on Curt Flood's suit against baseball's reserve clause before the current term ends in June. Meanwhile, Joe Kapp has filed an antitrust suit against the NFL; and the NFLPA suit will ask for permanent suspension of the Rozelle-Compensation Rule. The owners are comforted, however, by a report that appeared in *The Yale Law Journal* of November 1971, stating that once professional athletes have formed a collective bargaining unit recognized by the NLRB, which has happened in baseball, basketball, hockey and football, arguments over reserve and option clauses must be settled at the negotiating table, not in the courts. The article predicts that the Supreme Court will therefore throw out Flood's suit.

"We just don't happen to think that the argument is valid," says Garvey. "Just because something is a condition of employment doesn't mean it can violate the established laws of this country. If it was a condition of employment that any rookie who dropped a punt would be shot, would that mean that the team that shot him couldn't be prosecuted under the criminal laws? We hope the courts agree with us."

Which brings us to the heart of the matter: whether or not the players are getting a fair share of the revenue they generate. "It's always the players who have to defend their greed," complains Burman, "not the owners, who won't even open their books."

The average NFL salary is \$25,000 a year, a figure that has remained static since 1968. Subtracting quarterbacks the figure is around \$20,000. Statistics on what the owners clear are hard to come by. The NFLPA claims that the clubs spent \$102 million on operations in 1970 and took in \$145 million, for a pretax profit of \$1.65 million per club. The Government Pay Board has set this figure at \$900,000. If these figures are too high, as spokesmen for the owners claim, perhaps NFL teams should open their books, as even Pete Rozelle once suggested. Otherwise the threat of federal regulation might become a reality. And this would turn out to be a far more serious game than Option Clause. **END**



Nylon back pocket with convenient pocket \$9.95

...get more out of your cycling with Schwinn Accessories.



Protect your bike! Case Hardened and Tapered chain. Combination lock with hardened shackle for added protection \$6.45



Gelenk bike repair tool with one only performs each 4" x 2 1/2" x 6" deep. Overall size 12" x 7" x 7 1/2" \$13.95



Padded rear carrier complete with spring, package holder & American hanging bracket \$6.75



New deluxe foot pump with extra coated foot in pressure gauge \$9.95



New you know how fast and how far you go? Precision bike speedometer with all and easy to install kit \$8.95



Know how far you go with the Schwinn Approved Cy computer \$3.95

Now Schwinn has you with the Great for a Supplying Accessories in a Single Company

**SCHWINN**

Begin Cycling  
Paris Sales Division

3701 West Garland • Chicago, Illinois 60647

## Lord luv a duck—wot's up?

In California a colt named Quack trounced the best in the West, and elsewhere it rained cats and the Kentucky Derby colts ran like dogs

For the price of four or five dozen long-stemmed American Beauty roses a horse can be nominated for the Kentucky Derby, so it was no great surprise this year when the owners of a record number of 3-year-olds (258) paid the initial \$100 entry by the Feb. 15 deadline. But no sooner had the Derby books closed than strange things began to happen. Nominees for the race were beaten so often by non-Derby colts that the Run for the Roses in Louisville next week is shaping up as a consolation event.

Consider what happened on three fronts last week. In the \$100,000 Wood Memorial at Aqueduct—a race whose winners have gone on to capture seven Kentucky Derbies (and three of the eight U.S. Triple Crowns)—three of the first four horses to cross the finish line, including the winner, Upper Case, will not be seen in Kentucky. At Garden State the same afternoon another Derby ineligible, Over Arranged, upset several Louisville entries in the Delaware Valley Stakes, and at San Francisco's Golden Gate Fields the West's best hopeful, Solar Salute and Royal Owl, were overwhelmed in the \$100,000 California Derby by Quack, who has not been named for any of the Triple Crown races. With this disconcerting turn of events, only a runaway victory by Derby favorite Riva Ridge in this Thursday's Blue Grass Stakes can prevent the field at Churchill Downs from being hopelessly cluttered and having mediocrity written over it from head to tail.

At Keeneland last Friday, the day before surprises jolted so many of the Derby nominees, the seven-furlong Fore-runner Purse was held. It is a modest event—\$8,125 to the winner—but sometimes has telling results. In 22 years the race has produced seven Kentucky Derby winners and eight more who finished second. This year, over a sloppy track, the victor was Billy Rogell, who fin-

ished a head in front of Big Dot (not in the Derby). Another half length back—and, incidentally, traveling fastest of all after breaking through traffic and reaching the rail—was Introductivo. Billy Rogell, a son of Beauguerre out of a War Admiral mare, covered the seven furlongs in 1:24<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>. And although this year the Fore-runner was not an impressive race—proving only that the first three are adept in mud—it did seem to indicate that of the nine starters Introductivo would probably be the best at the longer, mile-and-a-quarter Derby distance.

Upper Case, Riva Ridge's stablemate who won the Florida Derby before finishing second in the Flamingo and third in the Gotham, had no difficulty taking the Wood Memorial, which, like the race at Keeneland, was run in muck and rain, though at the more testing distance of a mile and an eighth. Upper Case was never worse than third and moved out in front near the half-mile pole. By mid-stretch he was four lengths in front of Paul Mellon's Head of the River, who had put on a spurt around the final turn but then hung noticeably in the last furlong. John Gallbreath's True Knight came from last with a tremendous rush in the stretch, and at the finish it was this non-Derby eligible (six months ago he could have been claimed for \$20,000) who was gaining steadily on Upper Case. The winner's margin was a comfortable length and a half. Four lengths behind True Knight was Head of the River, and nearly four lengths farther back was Forage, another of the improving colts for whom no \$100 Derby deposit was made. Scattered up the track—and none with any excuse except possibly the sloppy going—were the Derby candidates Freezet, Traffic Cop, Festive Mood, Harbor Prince, Eager Exchange, Second Bar, Great Bear Lake and Instinctive.

Off his showing, Head of the River, the upset winner of the Everglades over



AN OLD COUNTRY HORSE who is green as grass, Quack defeats Garred Solar Salute

Held Your Peace and Riva Ridge (in a race also run in the slop), deserves a shot at the Derby, and Trainer Elliott Burch intends to give it to him. "I thought he ran pretty well," said Burch in a post-race consultation with Owner Mellon. "He may have tired a bit at the end, but he hasn't been worked in three weeks and he hasn't raced particularly hard. Now I'll take him to Louisville and see what happens." Burch also revealed that Key to the Mint, who was his No. 1 Derby candidate (51, April 17) before being injured in Florida, probably would accompany Head of the River to Churchill Downs. "If he does well and seems ready," added Burch, "I might run him in the one-mile Derby Trial." And then would there be any chance, he was asked, of running the colt in the Derby itself? "Well, let's say," replied Burch with a half smile, "if he simply galloped in the Trial. . . . Mmmmm! Otherwise the Derby Trial will serve as his prep for the Preakness at Pimlico."

As for Upper Case, he too will aim for the May 20th Preakness. As his owner, Mrs. Penny Tweedy, accepted congratulations, she was reminded that following Upper Case's Florida Derby victory, she had said she had no regrets



# Our little inexpensive economy car can beat your little inexpensive economy car.

Spitfire is a long time winner of National, as well as Divisional, Sports Car Club of America Championships. But taking a title doesn't mean winning just one or two hard fought races a year. It means winning ten or twenty or more hard fought races a year.

Also, don't think owning such a big winner will cost a big price. Because you can buy the Spitfire for a small price. And drive the Spitfire for a small price. (It gets 27 miles per gallon.)

They don't call us Triumph for nothing.

## 1969

Riverside, 2/15, 1st Place, L. Mueller  
Willow Springs, 3/23, 1st Place, L. Mueller  
Holville, 4/13, 1st Place, D. Devendorf  
Marlboro, 4/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly  
Stuttgart, 4/20, 1st Place, G. Smiley  
Cumberland, 5/17, 1st Place, B. Krokus  
Watkins Glen, 5/3, 1st Place, B. Krokus  
Lake Afton, 5/17, 1st Place, J. Kelly  
Salt Lake, Labor Day, 1st Place, L. Mueller  
San Marcos, Labor Day, 1st Place, T. Waugh  
Bryar, Labor Day, 1st Place, J. Kelly  
Getaway, 9/21, 1st Place, G. Smiley  
Pocono, 10/11, 1st Place, J. Kelly  
Daytona, Thanksgiving, 1st Place, L. Mueller

## 1970

Pocono, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Stagle  
Wentzville, 5/25, 1st Place, G. Smiley  
Riverside, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Barker  
Wentzville, 7/4, 1st Place, G. Smiley  
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Aronson  
Olathe, 7/19, 1st Place, J. Speck  
Pittsburgh, 8/2, 1st Place, J. Kelly  
Daytona, 8/2, 1st Place, H. Le Vasseur  
Watkins Glen, 8/16, 1st Place, J. Aronson  
Lake Afton, 8/16, 1st Place, G. Smiley  
Green Valley, 10/22, 1st Place, J. Speck  
Atlanta, Thanksgiving, 1st Place, J. Kelly

## 1971

Riverside, 2/14, 1st Place, L. Mueller  
Delles, 2/14, 1st Place, J. Ray  
Phoenix, 2/27, 1st Place, L. Mueller  
Arkansas, 2/27, 1st Place, J. Ray  
Willow, 3/14, 1st Place, M. Meyer  
Sutgart, 4/18, 1st Place, J. Ray  
Summit Pt., 4/18, 1st Place, K. Stagle  
Arkansas, 4/27, 1st Place, J. Kelly  
San Marcos, 5/2, 1st Place, R. Knowlton  
Bridgehampton, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Stagle  
Cumberland, 5/16, 1st Place, J. Kelly  
Lime Rock, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Kelly  
Cayun, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Speck  
Portland, 6/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly  
Thompson, 6/13, 1st Place, K. Stagle  
Laguna, 6/20, 1st Place, L. Mueller  
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Kelly  
Ponca City, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Speck  
Bryar, 9/5, 1st Place, K. Stagle  
Portland, 9/12, 1st Place, M. Meyer



## Triumph Spitfire

FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER CALL 800-651-1972 IN NEW JERSEY CALL 800-965-2923 BRITISH LEPYLAND MOTORS, INC., LEONIA, N. J. 07066





# Marlboro

King and 10 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av.  
100's 11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



# Country



Marlboro Red  
Longhorn 100's—  
you get a lot to like.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has  
Determined That Cigarette Smoking  
Is Dangerous to Your Health

# How to make sure that each Rolex Oyster case is watertight:

## Make one that isn't.

This is the Rolex Oyster case we hated to make.

We did it simply to satisfy ourselves that each *true* Oyster case locks out every iota of moisture as reliably as tested.

The test: One by one, each Oyster case is immersed in a special tank of water. Then the air pressure is systematically reduced to simulate what happens deep underwater. If water can force itself into the case, air is displaced and bubbles appear.

No bubbles means no water seepage. But just to make certain, each case is removed and immediately placed on a hot plate device. The merest trace of moisture inside the case will condense and fog the crystal.

At least, that's what *should* result. But it never did. Thus the need to make the non-watertight case you see above and put it to the same test.

That's when the unwanted symptoms showed up.

And that's when our inspectors finally felt confident that all true Oyster cases were indeed securely watertight.

Of course, this surprised nobody. An Oyster case is built to be impregnable to a hoard of hazards.

The body is carved from a solid block of 18 kt. gold or stainless steel.

The crystal is meticulously diamond-cut for a micro-perfect match with its case



(and actually seals tighter as the pressure on its surface is increased).

The Twinlock winding stem screws down onto the case (an engineering principle borrowed from the submarine hatch) to form a unique double barrier against water and dirt.

All of which is worthy preparation for the impeccable Rolex movement housed inside.

It's made by proud, Swiss craftsmen who dedicate their lives to the watchmaking art. Each movement they create is a masterpiece of precision... yet is able to shrug off hard knocks as if they didn't happen.

The movement then undergoes a series of tests, lasting 15 days and nights, at one of the official Swiss Institutes for Chronometer Tests. Only after passing is it certified as a "chronometer" and identified by the red seal you see below.

Even so, our own inspectors again test it repeatedly before it leaves our hands.

From start to finish, Rolex engages in a relentless pursuit of perfection. No corners are cut. No effort is spared. The end result is a truly extraordinary timepiece.

This is what makes Rolex the invariable choice of men who have reached the top. Most of the world's heads of state are Rolex owners. So are a host of sports champions, men such as racing driver Jackie Stewart. And sailor/adventurer Sir Francis Chichester. The list is endless.

We put a lot of dedication into making it. You'll get a lot of pride out of wearing it.

Owning one  
is almost as satisfying  
as making one.



# ROLEX



The Rolex Oyster Perpetual Date: a 30 jewel, self-winding chronometer with stainless steel case, 14 kt. gold bezel and crown, matching steel/gold bracelet, \$385

that he hadn't been nominated for the Kentucky Derby. Did she still feel the same way? "Now there's no question about that at all," she laughed. "Yes, I do regret it."

"There's no doubt it's unfortunate," chimed in Trainer Lucien Laurin, "but let's look at it another way. Upper Case's winning the Wood made me feel that much better about the chances of Riva Ridge in the Derby. I said in Miami that Riva was 10 lengths the better of the two. O.K., so let me change that now to five lengths. Still, the way Riva Ridge has been working at Keeneland, I'd have to say that not only has he never been better, but that I've got to consider him the best of the 3-year-olds whether they are eligible for the Kentucky Derby or not."

At the moment, only one horseman might dispute Laurin's confident appraisal of the colt's preeminence. That is Charlie Whittingham, the trainer of Quack, who romped in the California Derby. The horse is still learning what the game is all about and seems to improve with every race. A month ago Whittingham, a tactician who usually prefers to do his racing (and his steady purse winning) in California rather than go carpeethagging, said he didn't think any of the West Coast 3-year-olds belonged in the Kentucky Derby. "I didn't nominate Quack because I didn't think he was good enough to win it. He's a big, old country horse just beginning to come around."

Well, under Jockey Bill Shoemaker he came around just fine last Saturday at Golden Gate. The favorite Solar Salute was fourth (behind Kentuckian and The Pie Host), and Royal Owl finished fifth. Royal Owl probably will skip the trip across the Rockies. But Solar Salute, on the basis of seven straight wins before losing to Quack, may give the Derby a whirl. His rider, Laffit Pincay, partially blamed last Saturday's defeat on a bad start. Solar Salute roared as the gate was sprung and after that he was never as close to the lead as his jockey wanted him to be. This may, of course, be a very legitimate excuse, but as Trainer Jimmy Conway said after watching his Traffic Cop finish a disappointing sixth in the Wood, "As an excuse you can always say he didn't run as well as he can. But you have to run well to earn the trip. We did not, so we won't go. Maybe some other day."

END

The door free-er. Surform<sup>®</sup> tool shaves off, smooths down aluminum, wood, plastics. Try it!

Surform by  
**STANLEY**  
helps you do things right



More than beautiful.  
That's the beauty of it.

Think of it as a ski chalet, as a northwoods retreat, or as an oceanside cottage. Discoverer is aerodynamically styled to be as functional as it is good-looking, with a sports-styled cockpit and all the comforts of home for your family and friends. Finally, somebody came up with a motor home for people like you. Like to drive it? Write Rectrans, Div. of White Motor Corp., 600 Whitnay, Brighton, Michigan 48116.

**Discoverer 25.**

Discoverer 25 at Boyne Mountain, Michigan. You can also rent a Discoverer through Arco.

## Almost another Jackpot

Usually, when you pull the handle, it is a Nicklaus that pops up. But once in a great while the machine pays off on a Bobby Mitchell

The professional golf tour of 1972 is a little more than one-third completed, and there seems to be some question as to whether there is anybody at all out there besides Jack Nicklaus. Come in, anybody. Hello, hello.

Oh, of course. There's one, Bobby Mitchell. The guy with the toupee and Sam Sausage hat who, almost unnoticed, tied for second in the Masters and last year won a tournament, but what else can you expect? Go ahead, Jack, and lose one for a change, even though it does sound like they named the tournament just for you.

It happens now and then. A Bobby Mitchell, suddenly looking untouchable, goes out to La Costa and in glorious weather takes a Jack Nicklaus in the Tournament of Champions, just to let everybody know that things don't always go right for Jack.

Jack might have known that it was bound to happen. After what occurred on the 16th tee during the final round Sunday, it became a question only of how many puts Nicklaus would miss and how many Mitchell would almost unconsciously make. At the 16th Jack broke his driver—in his hand, on the ball, and on his head—and it was inevitable then that Mitchell would be the man to stagger in a 25-foot birdie putt that practically fought to stay out of the cup on the first and only sudden-death extra hole.

Nicklaus, who finds it hard to chat about anything other than major championships these days—being consumed as he is with a number of immortal goals—had good reason for wanting to play well at La Costa. "Because I think I am supposed to," he said.

Before Mitchell's momentum halted him, Nicklaus had left such a wake with his performances it had become nearly impossible to find challengers. He had won just about everything he had gone

after: the Masters, the Crosby, Doran, and last week, after the T of C, it all added up to a lot of money, about \$150,000 already. Projected to the end of the tour, that means \$450,000. Silly.

But since a Nicklaus loss had become so rare, the tournament was less of a time to think about a Mitchell, however deserving, than it was an occasion to figure out who besides Nicklaus was shooting consistently good golf. Week in and week out, the only steady challengers have been Tom Weiskopf, George Archer, Bruce Crampton and Jerry Heard. It might be well to say something about them before they disappear.

**TOM WEISKOPF:** He is not so easy to understand. Tall, strong, boyishly handsome, he goes around with what everybody agrees is a tremendous talent and yet he has never been able to pull off a major championship. He wins a lot of money and he comes close to winning a lot more tournaments than he can list, but the game remains a mystery to him. He has won when he didn't expect to, and he has lost when he felt he was certainly about to win. He gets mad at himself and nods in agreement when friends tell him he has to control his temper and act more mature. Through last week Weiskopf was third on the year's money list with \$86,000, largely because he won the richest event of the year, the Glensan at Invermay, worth \$52,000.

"For three years out here, I didn't appreciate anything. I was a dumb, selfish kid," Tom admitted last week. "I think I'm improving. I've learned to write thank-you notes to sponsors, or get my wife to do it. I think I'm capable of being a great player. I want to be and I think I will be. There's no doubt in my mind that I'm going to win several major championships. One of these days it's going to start happening."

**GEORGE ARCHER:** It is generally

felt that Archer couldn't win a charisma race if he kept Jill St. John in his golf bag. What George can do, however, is play golf. And if one were to take a vote among the pros of who the most underrated player on the tour is, it would be Archer. Other than Nicklaus, he's the only player so far in 1972 to win more than one event. Archer opened the year with a victory at Los Angeles and later added Greensboro. In between, he lost a playoff at Tucson. He's quietly hanging in there at second on the money list with more than \$100,000. In fact, he's always there.

There are players who swear Archer can't do anything but putt, and everyone seems to agree that no one putts as well. George doesn't try to argue about it. "I'm a good putter," he says. "But most everybody out here is or they wouldn't be here."

He contends that he doesn't feel any pressure on the tour, which might account for the fact that he seems to lack any sort of flamboyance.

"Pressure," he says, "is when you've got to put for money and the only money you've got is your ball marker."

Underground, George is known as Super Scrambler, a man who gets it up and down, as the pros say. At 6' 6" he can't very well look picturesque when he swings, and it's true he sprays his tee shots, but he gets it up and down, around the greens.

**BRUCE CRAMPTON:** There is such a thing as earning a negative fame, and Crampton has done it over the years. Much like Archer, Bruce wins money quietly, mends his business and is not the type to have great hordes of fans rooting for him. He's a machine player with a fine swing who has never voiced any ambitions of trying to become a heavy celebrity. One finds him dining alone frequently, and not worrying about making up funny jokes for the press, which has a name for him: Claude Rains, or The Invisible Man. When his name goes up on the leader board, some wit will say, "You ready for a story on Claude?"

Relentless is a good word for this Australian. Look at 1972. He has crept into the top five seven times and he has popped up in the top 10 nine times, and, like the pros say, anytime you're in the first 10, you could have won.

Behind Gary Player, Crampton is the leading money winner among foreigners who have ever played the tour, and

he is proud of that. "Every check I win in America," Bruce says, "I feel a sense of achievement because I'm playing against the best."

Crampton doesn't worry about winning a tournament. "That's ordained," he says, with a bit of mystery. "I believe you have to play well to win, of course, that you have to have nerves and be able to produce good shots under pressure. But you must be lucky. When I feel I'm going to win is when I go out and hit the ball into the trees, and then hole out some putts. When the putts begin to fall, I know my week has come again."

**JERRY HEARD:** It hardly seems possible that a young man named Heard has worked his way into golf's elite with a short swing, a semi-Brutus haircut and only 25 years of living. When he captured the American Golf Classic on the rugged Firestone course last summer—his first win—it should have been hint enough that he wasn't going to disappear. The fact was confirmed last month when he won again, at Orlando.

Off the course, he's a jittery fellow who seeks out any diversion to keep from thinking about the tournament at hand, or his own game. But then he changes. He calms down and whistles, usually *Take Me Home, Country Roads*, strolling down the fairways. And he doesn't think about anything but his golf.

"Before I get out there," he says, "I'm grinding. I'm up early. I can't eat. I don't know what to do with myself. When I have a late tee-off time, I really go crazy. There's nothing to do but wait. But then I get out there, and it's different. I don't think about money or who I'm paired with, I'm in my own world."

Fortunately for Jerry Heard, it has become a far richer world than he ever might have guessed. So far this year, it's worth more than \$80,000. Take him home, country roads, indeed.

The tour has a lot of other stops to make, and before it all ends again, we shall probably hear more of those familiar stars, like Arnold Palmer, who's off to another bad start like 1969's, and Lee Trevino, who can't seem to decide whether he wants to play serious or celebrate, and Gary Player, who will come back. And perhaps even Billy Casper, wherever he is.

And then, for sure, there are always the Bobby Mitchells out there. **END**

## Gift Suggestion



Fine writing instruments mechanically guaranteed  
for a lifetime — from five to fifty dollars.  
Desk Sets from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars.  
At better stores worldwide.

**CROSS**  
SINCE 1846

# We have seven cars and a truck. Each under \$2400.



The eight Toyotas you see here go from as little as \$1956 to as little as \$2386\*. Each car has something the other cars don't, yet when it comes to standard equipment, all seven have a lot in common.

A 4-speed all synchromesh transmission. (With automatic optional on most models.)

Front disc brakes. Wall-to-wall carpeting.

Reclining bucket seats. To name a few.

A very few.

Our Half-Ton won't take a back seat to other half-tons. It's smaller than most. But so is its price. It's an economical, sensible, maneuverable way to maneuver 1000 pounds.

Seven cars and a truck under \$2400.

Under one roof. From Toyota.

\*MSRP suggested retail prices. Freight, local taxes, dealer prep and options extra.

For your nearest Toyota dealer call 800-241-4000 ext. 300. In Connecticut 1-800-842-4000.

## Test price a Toyota. See how much car your money can buy.



To me mountaineering is always a very personal experience," said Naotom Uemura. "It is a test of myself, and one thing I loathe is to have to test myself in front of other people." The Japanese climber was speaking of his part in Japan's 1970 ascent of Mount Everest, a test of himself he had every reason to regard as successful. In 1969 the Japanese Alpine Club had invited the relatively unknown mountaineer to join his country's first expedition to Everest, and his stamina and brilliant technique had so impressed fellow members of the reconnaissance party late that year that nobody complained when, the next year, he was packed for the first assault. On the first try he succeeded in making Japan the fifth "Everest nation," but he reported that he did not feel particularly elated. Though he was the first of his expedition and his countrymen to achieve the top, he said, "When one is in a party of 39 his chance of being able to do his best is only one in 39. The more people you work with, the less chance will you have to do your very best."

The ascent of Everest is in fact the only group effort in soloist Uemura's log. In the past five years he has scaled the tops of five continents: Europe's Mont Blanc (15,781 feet), Africa's Kilimanjaro (19,565 feet), South America's Aconcagua (22,835 feet), Asia's Everest (29,028 feet) and North America's McKinley (20,320 feet)—in that order and, except for Everest, by himself. At home his compatriots, for all the national penchant for carrying almost any sport "to madness," are amazed and baffled by Uemura's solitary exploits.

A short man, even among his countrymen, the 30-year-old Uemura stands 5'3" and with his engaging grin looks about half his age. He is the sixth, and youngest, son of a small farmer in western Japan and spent his early youth close to the family rice paddies. Later, he enrolled in Tokyo's Meiji University where he joined the varsity mountaineering club, being, he says, "mainly interested in improving my skinny appearance." But once he started his initial training in the Japanese Alps he was seized by what he calls "a great big pipe dream": it was to become, in effect, a mountaineering hobo. He had discovered that he was happiest alone, "away yonder among the rocks," and he termed himself "a dropout from the pattern of life

in my country, until for the process in Japan which to me seems only dedicated to proving the survival of the fittest." Last year Uemura assisted a pair of Britons attempting the southwest face of Everest by twice carrying oxygen supplies to them above the 27,000-foot level, himself using no oxygen at all. It is a curious comment on the times that a man so physically fit should be correct in describing himself as a probable loser in the battle for survival of the fittest, as it is currently waged. (He explains his remarkable condition thus: "I eat anything available, wherever I go around the world, and I guess I walk as much as possible every day.")

Less than a month after graduation from Meiji University, Uemura set out to realize his pipe dream. He hopped a tramp steamer for the U.S. with a \$100 bill and some American coins in his pocket, and once in California he increased his amount of cash in hand to \$1,000 by illegal farm work—he held only a tourist visa—on a succession of "plantations." After a year of this he took another slow boat to France, where he found a position as a ski instructor in Chamonix. Finally, on a glorious day in July 1966, the diminutive expatriate soloed to the top of Mont Blanc. One accident marred his way to the summit. He fell into a deep crevasse hidden by a thin snow cover. "For a while," he recalls, "I was convinced I would die." In a cold sweat he screamed for help, but nobody heard him, "and I thought, 'What a place to die—so far away from home.'" Somehow he managed to wig-

## The height of self-sufficiency

gle out and continue up the mountain.

After that, Uemura's new career proceeded with happy unevenness to Kilimanjaro in October 1967, and Aconcagua in February of 1968. After Aconcagua he spent perhaps the "londest" two months of his life, rafting alone down the Amazon, all the way from the neighborhood of its Peruvian source. "Day in and day out, in and out of those marvelous rain forests, I kept feeling as though I had become part of Mother Nature," Uemura reminisces. Inspired, the solitary rafter from the other side of the world developed "an endless succession of recipes" for one item of food available to him on his crude wooden raft for much of the great river: bananas. "It was pure bliss," he recalls.

In 1970, after what he refers to as the "Everest crowd," he went to Alaska, exhilarated to find himself alone at last and on his way to the top of Mount McKinley. On Aug. 17 Talleena bush pilot Don Sheldon (51, Feb. 14) dropped Ue-



ON TOP—LET'S SEE—McKINLEY. UEMURA TAKES HIS OWN PHOTOGRAPH

# **The money ball's out to smash its own \$3,000,000 record.**

Tournament after tournament touring professionals play the Titleist golf ball. We don't pay them to play it. They play it because it goes farther.

For instance: on last year's P.G.A. Tour, Titleist won over \$3,000,000 more than any other ball. And so far this year, it's ahead of last year's pace.

Our point is this: advertising claims can be very persuasive. But the total performance of the ball should be the deciding factor when you're buying.

And every time a touring professional tees up a Titleist, he is, in effect, saying, "Here is the greatest ball you can play." We think touring professionals know what they're talking about.

**ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT**   
Sold thru golf course pro shops only

## **Titleist: the money ball**

mura on the Kahiltna Glacier in the foothills of McKinley. Carrying a 10- or 12-pound silver salmon and, according to one report, a pair of sturdy 30-foot bamboo poles in case of another crevasse like the one on Mont Blanc, he climbed McKinley in eight days—with no relayed supplies. Three of the eight days he spent pinned down by a storm, without a tent. Uemura is believed to be the first successful soloist at Mount McKinley, as he was at Aconcagua.

From the apex of North America, Uemura turned his attention south again, to Antarctica, with the idea of traversing that continent "in the company of nobody but dogs for the sleigh." To get what he called a feel for the distance, he spent 52 days in the fall of 1971 trekking 1,800 miles from one end of Japan to the other, a distance almost equaling the distance to be covered in Antarctica. It is a small project (seemingly impossible, but small) compared to Sir Vivian Fuchs' run across the continent in 1957-58 for which, in addition to Sir Edmund Hillary's support unit, the Commonwealth nations provided millions for all possible sea, air and ground help. "I know I will only look like a Don Quixote, doing it with nobody but dogs," observed Uemura, but he intends to try it anyway. Why? "I would like to know the limits of human endurance—or the limits of my potential." What if he fails? "Well, I'm sure someone else will take a crack at it later." What if he dies on the proposed trip? "I'm not married and have not to worry about a wife."

None of this is satisfactory to his mother. In the course of his hike across Japan, Uemura dropped by the little town of Hidaiki to visit his aging parents, and the following exchange took place.

Mrs. Uemura: "What are you doing now?"

Naomi Uemura: "Walking across the country."

Mrs. Uemura: "What for?"

Naomi Uemura: "It would take too much time for me to explain."

Mrs. Uemura: "For God's sake why don't you marry and settle down like a normal Japanese instead of endlessly fooling around?"

Respect for the advice of one's elders is not what it used to be, even in Japan. Naomi Uemura is presently on his way to Greenland to spend six months learning dogsledding from the Eskimos. **END**



## THIS PARTY WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY CLUB COCKTAILS.

Have yourself a party with these fresh tasting, ready-made drinks  
Hardstuff Daiquiris Whiskey Sours  
Martinis, and more  
All ready when you are

**Club Cocktails.**  
We make the drinks, you make the party.



# Just A Decent Bloke

*... until Ken Rosewall, a muscleless marvel of 37, grabs a racket. Then he carves up people* by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

**T**hey will tell the story in Australia forever—indeed, it seems forever already—about how Ken Rosewall learned his tennis by practicing endless hours on the clay courts of a working-class neighborhood of Sydney. Less widely appreciated are the lessons he received in a six-story building containing no tennis facilities at all. The building, an exhausted, peeling relic on the edge of Sydney's main commercial district, houses the Metropolitan Business College, where Rosewall studied accounting as a teen-ager. That was back before either John Alexander or Phil Dent, a couple of the young bulls he regularly dispatches on the pro tennis circuit, were born.

Rosewall's failure to become an accountant is accepted calmly in the halls of Metropolitan Business College. "Ken used to bring his racket to class," a school official relates over the chatter of aspiring stenographers in thigh-high skirts. "He was always on his way to play tennis." Yet the people at Metropolitan should be consoled that Rosewall could pass for an accountant today almost anywhere. His manner is correct, his personal habits are governed by honesty and thrift, and his clothes, in contrast to the sunburst hues that predominate in tennis, run toward prudent grays and blacks. Because he further lacks what anybody would call a commanding presence, he has occasionally had to talk his way into dressing rooms by assuring the guards, "My name is Rosewall—I'm one of the tennis players."

He deserves better. It is not simply that Rosewall has lasted at the very top of tennis for two decades, nor even that he ranks as the current world champion by reason of his victory last November in the 32-man

*continues*





World Championship of Tennis tournament—a title he will be defending next week in Dallas. It is that he has done these things, and gone from child prodigy to geriatric phenomenon, without losing either his schoolboy air or the quiet authority he has always exerted on the tennis court. While this authority will never be distilled into *The Wit and Wisdom of Ken Rosewall*, it was at bottom a truthful reply when, asked how he has changed over the years, he recently deadpanned, "I'm just a little heavier in the wallet."

So slight of build that he is ironically nicknamed Muscles, Rosewall stands, in a further irony, as one of nature's indestructibles. Having performed in his share of lonely, dimly lighted arenas during the early years, having survived the sport's recurring political wars and having suffered the scourge of Rod Laver's deadly top spin, he has finally made his way, a tired warrior of 37, into the sunlight. One can almost hear the trumpets blare. Reflecting in part the impact of the riches of WCT boss Lamar Hunt, Rosewall's winnings last year amounted to more than \$137,000. That was a distant second to Laver's positively indecent \$290,000, yet the significance of the \$137,000 figure does not escape Ernie Christensen, longtime tennis writer of the Sydney Sun. "One-thirty-seven," Christensen observes. "That's 100 plus his age—it's just like a blood pressure measurement."

To ever arrive at six digits, Rosewall, the ex-accounting major, had to make a bookkeeping operation out of life itself. Not quite 5'7", he canceled this debit by learning to hit a tennis ball with decimal-point precision. As the years accumulated, he balanced the books by practicing moderation, especially in assaying his own place in the cosmic scheme of things. Awarded the Order of the British Empire last summer, Rosewall thought enough of the honor to drive his wife Wilma and their two boys over to Government House in Sydney and proudly join other recipients at the ceremony. But he was embarrassed, too. "There were a lot of older, unmarried women there—75 or 80 years old—who had given their lives to charities and other worthy causes," he said afterward. "It was sad. I wondered what I was doing there."

## Decent Bloke

continued

Equally restrained and level-headed about his own physical well-being, Rosewall keeps himself coiled in a state of constant watchfulness. He watches his weight, which has varied in a decade little more than a scoop of ice cream either side of 162 pounds. He watches his sleep, aided by the capacity to curl up mouse-like in a jetliner and doze off even before it leaves the runway. He watches his vitamins, eating great heaping of Kellogg's Product 19. "Maybe I'm being led along by the advertising, but they say it's better for you," he explains. Confronting the mirror in the morning, he watches, helplessly, for any new strands of gray that may have found their way into his sleek black hair overnight.

Something else Ken Rosewall watches are his investments, this with a shrewdness not seen in tennis since Frank Sedgman got Australian schoolchildren to drink more milk by selling their mums chocolate-flavored straws. From his

home in Sydney, Rosewall is forever flying up to Brisbane on some land deal or down to Canberra for a tennis clinic on behalf of British Petroleum, which employs him as "professional adviser." For matches in Australia, he religiously competes with a Ken Rosewall-model wooden racket made by Slazengers, the sporting-goods firm he has been affiliated with for 20 years. Everywhere else he wouldn't be caught dead without a Ken Rosewall-model metal job by Seamless. He also endorses Revere sportswear and lends his name to John Gardiner's tennis ranch in Arizona.

In attending to these far-flung ventures, Rosewall shuns the business agents—and their fees—without whom other athletes of equal prominence would never sign an autograph, much less a contract. "Maybe I'm wrong, but I feel I can work things out myself," he says. His confidence is shared by friends. "When you hear Muscles has invested in something, you can invest in it, too, without question," says Fred Stolle, his doubles partner and countryman.

*Unlike many Aussie stars who move to the U.S., Rosewall prefers home and family in Sydney.*



"You know he's already asked all the questions."

Stolle and others who know Rosewall find it convenient to speak of him in terms of the many things—extravagant, flamboyant, devil-may-care—he is not. Rosewall himself says, "I try not to overdo anything. I try to keep fit and not hurt myself." Discipline and denial show in his face, too, the skin drawn severely over bones that seem about to break through. It is a heavy-lidded, darkly handsome face with a narrow railing for a nose, but very occasionally, as when some silliness tickles him, it can form a wide, delighted smile.

Peel away the layers of what Rosewall is not, get to the core, and one ends up sharing the conclusion of Arthur Huxley, a Slazengers official and close friend of Rosewall's for 20 years, that "Ken's just a very decent little bloke." In the starved and sometimes bloodless world of tennis, Rosewall's sobriety makes him seem at home, yet there is a gentleness about him that at times seems oddly out of place. There was

the moment when a ball boy fainted at courtside as Rosewall was beating Arthur Ashe in the semifinals of the WCT tournament last February in Philadelphia. A worried hush fell over the crowd, but the silence was quickly broken by a call over the public-address system by the umpire. He was calling not for a doctor—but for another ball boy.

The umpire next ordered Ashe and Rosewall, who had interrupted their match to lend a hand with the stricken boy, to resume play. Rosewall lingered near the youngster, who was still on the ground at courtside. "Let's play, Mr. Rosewall," the umpire said sharply. Afterward, restrained as always, Rosewall would not be drawn into criticizing the umpire's callousness, but neither would he defend it. "I just wanted to see how the little fellow was," he said, ending the discussion.

None of this necessarily makes Rosewall the brand favored by famous Hollywood stars, who prefer their tennis players colorful, dashing and, wherever it can be arranged, named Pancho. But

he is not without his fanciers, either. Pint-sized players, the ones who have trouble lifting a racket or peeking over a net, find his giant-killing ways utterly inspiring. He also enjoys the affections of his fellow Australians, a geographically isolated lot unhappy over the tendency of homegrown celebrities to live elsewhere. Among Australian tennis players, Rod Laver has moved to the U.S., and Roy Emerson and John Newcombe, too, but nationalistic pangs are soothed by the fact that Ken Rosewall goes on making his home in Sydney.

Another group of Rosewall admirers are his rivals on the pro tour, including so improbable a kindred spirit as Jeff Borowiak, a WCT newcomer who sports a headband and majored in music at UCLA. Getting Rosewall's ear at courtside during an idle moment at a WCT tournament last fall in Cologne, West Germany, Borowiak launched into a line of thought that had been germinating beneath the headband for some time. "Did you realize there's a balance to your game also found in Bach?" ron leland



## It's sort of a miniature musclecar.

No, the Datsun 1200 Sport Coupe isn't one of those great, snorting thunderbarges. But it's not your run-of-the-mill economy car, either.

It's something in between. A neat little machine that handles like a sports car, goes like a bat and comes with an economy

price that includes a lot of extras as standard equipment. Reclining buckets, tinted glass, whitewalls and nylon carpeting to name a few. Add to that an engine that delivers around 30 miles per gallon. It's a powerful combination at any price.

Drive a Datsun...then decide.



FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE



he enthused as Rosewall listened politely. "You both have symmetry, perfect control. You're not showy like one of the romantic composers, like Liszt, but your game builds to a peak—to a whirlwind of perfection. Like Bach, in other words."

Rosewall has lately taken to traveling with a cassette player and a good selection of Andy Williams tapes, a far different fare from the hard rock and cool jazz that issue from the tape decks of Arthur Ashe and Bob Lutz, two of Borowiak's friends on the tour. Listening to Borowiak in Cologne, Rosewall thanked him for the apparent compliment but admitted, "I don't know too much about music." Borowiak has since expounded to others on the theme, and Rosewall, reacting as though he and Bach had been linked romantically, denies all. "I'm not sure what he's getting at," he says.

There is also respect for Rosewall among the other Australian players, who spend hours over late-night beers in his absence ("We never see Muscles after dark," John Newcombe says), marveling over the hows and whys of his longevity. There is much to marvel over. It is true that Pancho Segura was still active in his mid-40s, that the other Pancho—Gonzalez—pulled some big upsets two years ago when he was 40, and that Alex Olmedo and Roy Emerson, 36 and 35, are still around today. But Rosewall, at 37, is not only still around, he is still winning big, including about 80% of his WCT matches.

The only rival on the circuit safely ahead of Rosewall at the moment is Laver, whose own advancing years—he was 33 last August—enable one to understand why help-wanted ads are always calling for men of experience. Rested and confident after some shaky moments toward the end of 1971, Laver won this year's first three WCT tournaments, defeating Rosewall in the finals of two of them. But none of this compensated for Rosewall's four-set victory over Laver for the WCT championship in November, which carried a payoff of \$50,000, the biggest in tennis history. The reason he has to defend the title so soon, after only a six-month reign, is that the WCT, tailoring its season to TV, is currently switching from a late-fall to a late-spring windup.

## Decent Bloke

Laver should pocket the \$50,000 this time, but never count out Rosewall when the stakes are high. Besides his triumph in last year's WCT showdown, he has done well in the four championships—of Australia, France, Wimbledon and Forest Hills—that make up the game's Grand Slam. Of the last six such events, Rosewall has entered four and won three: he won at Forest Hills in 1970, then took the Australian championship in both 1971 and 1972, the latter victory coming in straight sets in January over 36-year-old Mal Anderson, another survivor of an earlier, brighter day in Australian tennis. The excursion into nostalgia drew a sellout crowd of 10,000 in Melbourne's Kooyong Stadium, a turnout so unexpectedly big that Rosewall needed a police escort to get his car through the snarled traffic in time for the match.

Rosewall is determined to savor these and other triumphs—he also won last year's South African Open and the U.S. pro title at Brookline, Mass.—as long as he can. "Sometimes I feel like I'm 21 again," he says at one moment. "My reflexes are good, I'm good mentally and physically. I don't see why I can't go on winning my share of matches." At another time, though, he sounds less hopeful. "The younger players have more room for improvement than I do. All I'm doing is postponing the inevitable. This year may be my final fling—my swan song."

It has been suggested in the genial surroundings of the Mad Corner, the Sydney pub where Rosewall occasionally stops by for one or two—but never three—dinner ales, that he is playing the best tennis of his life. But it has always seemed inappropriate to use the word "best" on Rosewall without somehow qualifying it. As a youngster, he was touted as having "the best backhand since Don Budge," a phrase still heard today even though his backhand has long since surpassed Budge's. Others are fated to be best in this world, not the Ken Rosewalls. He lived in the shadow of Lew Hoad as an amateur, of Pancho Gonzalez in his early days as a pro and of Laver in times more recent. For three or four years in the early '60s, Rosewall was indeed

the world's ranking tennis player, but who knew it? Those were the lean years when the tennis circuit played to crowds like the 80 souls who turned out one day to watch Rosewall and his fellow pros perform in the Australian caw town of Cloncurry.

No, Rosewall will not be remembered as the best. He will be remembered mainly as the fellow who defied time and space—by taking up so much of the one and so little of the other. In 1953, only 18, he became the youngest player ever to win the Australian championship. This year's Australian victory, his fourth in that event, came 19 years later. It was almost as long between his first French title, also in 1953—again he was the youngest champion ever—and his second in 1968. His victory two years ago at Forest Hills occurred 14 years after he had previously won that championship.

The one prestige tournament missing from the list is Wimbledon. The record shows that he lost in the finals three times, twice before turning pro in 1956 and then, after being shut out of the event until the arrival of open tennis a dozen years later, to Newcombe in 1970. The record fails to show that Rosewall suffers from hay fever and that the condition has always bothered him in the pastoral setting of Wimbledon. Last year for the first time he tried cortisone for relief. He defeated Cliff Richey in the quarterfinals in as dramatic a come-from-behind affair as Wimbledon has seen, and then, drained by that four-hour ordeal, lost to Newcombe in straight sets the next day.

Friends suggest that Rosewall might have won at Wimbledon in recent years had he foregone the doubles competition there and conserved himself during the grueling week. Rosewall mulls over this possibility with his usual caution. "I'm not saying I would have won," he declares at last, "but maybe I could have stood the pace a little better."

Whether Rosewall gets another shot at Wimbledon is in doubt because of the recent ban against contract pros by the International Lawn Tennis Federation. Rejecting any talk of a Wimbledon jinx, he says, "Maybe I've put too much pressure on myself there, but my record at Wimbledon is not too bad. I don't make a big thing out of it." The Aus-

continued

Italian press has called Rosewall "the best player never to have won Wimbledon," but there's that word "best" again. Remember, Pancho Gonzalez has never won Wimbledon, either.

One realm where Rosewall defers to nobody is his sheer proficiency as a shot-maker, and he is being merely factual when he says, "Probably the biggest reason I've lasted so long is that I learned the game the right way." Unlike Laver, who is also quiet and unassuming but becomes all daring and flair the moment he steps onto a court ("The Rocket goes into a phone booth to change," says Marty Riessen, another WCT performer), Rosewall's game is an extension of his personality. He wins with steadiness and control, and without the smoldering serve ordinarily so eventual to a secure livelihood in tennis. Interestingly, Rosewall's golf game reflects similar qualities: his drives, while never long, are almost always straight down the fairway.

Rosewall tries to compensate for his relatively anemic serve with accuracy, and he is so successful that Dinky Pails, a onetime rival on the pro tour, says, "He doesn't win matches with his serve, but he doesn't lose any, either." During the WCT late match in November, Rosewall scored several points when his serve struck an uneven spot on the court, causing Laver to hit the ball off the end of the racket. The area was about the size of a bowl from which Rosewall might eat his Kellogg's 19. He denies he was aiming for the spot, despite suggestions to that effect by a close friend, John Barrett, a former British Davis Cupper who covers tennis for London's *Financial Times*. "It was uncanny the way Ken was hitting that patch," Barrett says. "One couldn't help wondering."

Though his backhand remains his most decisive stroke, the one he hits for winners, Rosewall's game admits to no real weakness. He backs up his service with a first volley conceded to be the strongest in the game, which often means that it merely takes him one more exchange to win the point than if he had a cannonball serve. He also has one of the surest returns of service, deftly laying the ball at the feet of onrushing opponents with the audacity of those little guys in old war movies who are always picking up live grenades and tossing them

## Decent Bloke

continued

back at the enemy. The neutralization of power is Rosewall's forte, and he achieves it by mixing his shots, keeping the other fellow off-balance until, finally, the poor devil is going in as many directions as he has feet.

It is almost as if Rosewall, as he runs through another orderly sequence of clever dinks, sharply angled line ticklers and diabolically casual returns, is re-designing the playing surface, enlarging his opponent's court while narrowing his own. "He's a chess player on the court," says Cliff Sproule, Australia's Davis Cup selector in Rosewall's amateur days. "He seems to be thinking a few shots ahead." Dick Crealy, an Australian who had plenty of experience in losing to both before quitting the WCT tour this year, considers Rosewall more frustrating to play in many ways than Laver. "With Laver, you make your best shot and he'll knock it for a winner and do it with contempt," Crealy says. "With Rosewall, you think you're playing well but he seems to anticipate everything you do. And he never misses. He doesn't mail you the way Laver does. He just breaks your heart."

Rosewall's play is characterized above all by an utter unwillingness to waste effort. "He will seldom kill a shot if a quieter one will do," John Barrett observes. "He knows when a point is lost and doesn't spend energy unnecessarily." On the infrequent occasions when Rosewall loses his temper, he may drop his racket, but he does so oh-so-gently, as if Slazengers and Seamless—wood in Australia, metal everywhere else—were not barely at work to keep him endlessly supplied. Unhappy with his play, he assumes a haggard look, one that Tony Trabert remembers well from their days as Davis Cup rivals. "Muscles starts moping around and the ladies all want to mother him," Trabert says. "Meanwhile, he's cutting you to ribbons."

There are only two areas of Rosewall's life where he is given to any excess—and they are in conflict. One is his continual keenness for tennis, not only for playing the game but for watching it, too. Arriving for an early round WCT singles match last February in Toronto, Rosewall, learning he was too early, sank into an empty seat to watch some dou-

bles. Instantly absorbed, he propped his chin on a railing and began cooing and wailing with the crowd. Following one particularly good rally, he looked up, eyes glistening. "Hey, those are good points," he said. He returned his chin to the railing.

This enthusiasm for tennis is matched only by the zeal with which Rosewall, away as much as eight months of the year, plunges into the role of family man when he is at home in Sydney. He is making every effort to get home more often, one occasion being when he passed up Forest Hills last September, as did Laver and other WCT stars, in what was widely assumed to be an informal boycott in the ongoing feud between the contract pros and the Lawn Tennis group. Resentment at Forest Hills was especially high toward Rosewall, since he was the defending champion, but he and the others have existed all along that no boycott existed. While the feud no doubt made it easier for him to skip the tournament, it also happened that both of Rosewall's sons, 12-year-old Brett and 10-year-old Glenn, were ill. He spent the week of the tournament with his family in Australia.

A similar truancy occurred this past January when Rosewall notified WCT in Dallas that he would skip the opening tournament of the year in Richmond. This time it was his wife Wilma who was ill. "But you've got to be there," a WCT official, Don Mordecai, pleaded on the phone from Dallas. "Your picture's on the program cover."

"I can't make it, Don," came the reply. "Wilma's not that well." Rosewall's picture on the cover was probably a good thing, because it was all that Richmond ever saw of him.

"If I have to make a choice, Wilma and the kiddies come first," Rosewall says firmly. As family pressures increase, it is not inconceivable that Rosewall will eventually withdraw from WCT in order to play as an independent when and where he chooses. On tour, meanwhile, he sends Wilma roses even when it's not her birthday and writes at least four letters home a week, sometimes addressing separate ones to Brett and Glenn, each of whom likes to receive his own mail. When he is in Australia, he happily keeps busy, as he did one Sunday afternoon not long ago, with "fam-

continued



**It doesn't create  
an image.  
It confirms one.**



The MGB reflects the individualist who knows where they stand. People who know the difference between sporty cars and sports cars. That's why they like the MGB and the classic idea of road excitement it embodies.

To make that excitement happen, the MGB comes equipped with a fully-synchronized 4-speed gearbox, rack-and-pinion steering, and a race-proven suspension system.

The MGB '72 with its re-designed interior is now at your dealer's showroom. Test-drive it today. It's the kind of sports car that happens when you're more interested in buying sports cars than egos.

For the name of your nearest Austin MG dealer and for information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 631-1972 except in New Jersey where the number is (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll-free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC. LEONIA, N. J. 07865



ily-type things" at his home in the Sydney suburb of Pymble.

The contemporary five-bedroom house, in a neighborhood popular with barristers and airline executives, occupies a rolling lawn not far from Barker College, the Anglican boys' school where Brett and Glenn play rugby, cricket and fair games of tennis. Among the family-type things Rosewall was referring to on this particular day: Wilma added a few stitches to her knitting; Glenn beat his mother 21-15 at table tennis; Ken strung a rope from a towering eucalyptus tree on the front lawn for the kids to climb; and everybody pitched in to barbecue steaks on the patio. After dinner Brett and Glenn played in the basement with their model train, which loops past a homemade sign: KEN ROSEWALL, WORLD CHAMPION, PLAYS SLAZENGRS.

Somewhere between the table tennis and the barbecued steaks, while Glenn was shunting up the rope outside the picture window, Ken and Wilma took a moment to sit down in the living room. Wilma, a pleasant woman with the lively, full-faced good looks of a cheerleader, is a one-time junior player who met her husband at a tennis tournament when both were 13. They were married eight years later, a month before Ken turned pro. "I've been waiting for Ken to retire 15 years now," Wilma said. "My lady golfers and tennis friends tell me, 'Oh, you must be used to Ken being away.' But you never get used to it. Not if you care. They say, 'Well, it won't be long now.'" She rolled her eyes and glanced at her husband.

The ball was in Ken's court. "It's not often a man is lucky enough to do what he loves for so many years," he said. "I owe that to Wilma. She's been strong enough to take care of things in my absence. But the time is coming when I may have to put on the brakes, when maybe I won't be able to justify being on tour so long. The boys are getting older, and it's hard to concentrate on your game when you get bad news from home. We'll just have to play it by ear." "Play it by ear," Wilma repeated, laughing. "That's your favorite expression, love."

Family separations of the kind he has experienced more recently are something Rosewall never knew in his boyhood as

## Decent bloke

continued

the only child of Bob Rosewall, a grocer, and his wife Vera. Ken's mother died in 1966, and his father, now remarried, lives in retirement in the family old-world surroundings of Black Heath, a resort town in the Blue Mountains 70 miles west of Sydney. A jaunty little man with a shine on his shoes, Bob Rosewall remains close to his son, though he has not seen him play tennis since suffering a mild heart attack while also suffering through Ken's loss to Laver in the Australian championships two years ago. He calls Ken's success "a dream fulfilled," and he is speaking not only as a proud father but also as the only tennis coach Ken Rosewall ever had.

The elder Rosewall, a tennis buff who learned the game by poring over instructional manuals, owned a couple of clay courts that he rented out to supplement his income from the grocery store. The courts were behind the Rosewalls' small, red-brick house, set in a row of look-alike dwellings in the suburb of Rockdale. With his father as willing instructor, Ken took to the game with enthusiasm, neatly laying out all their tennis clothes the night before so that the two of them could get a jump on their early-morning practice. Father and son would awake at dawn, play for three hours before Ken's dad changed clothes, put on his apron and went to the store.

Bob Rosewall quickly saw that his scrawny son would have to win with finesse rather than power. He drilled the boy for weeks in a given stroke before he was satisfied enough to move on to the next one. As the two practiced, there were moments of self-doubt for each. The father, concerned that the boy might do better under a professional, consulted a respected coach, who took one awed look at Ken's flawless strokes and sent them both on their way. For Ken, the moment of questioning came when he was eight and his dad delivered an ultimatum:

"I didn't want to push him any further unless I knew he was willing," Bob Rosewall recalls. "I told him, 'Ken, if you quit rugby and cricket and concentrate exclusively on tennis, I think you have what it takes to be a cham-

pion. Or you can be good at all sports but champion in none of them.'" He gave his son a week to choose, and the boy agonized for three days. "I can still see him coming into the living room," the father says. "He said, 'Dad, I want to be a champion.'"

Ken Rosewall speaks touchingly today of the "sacrifice of my parents," but his father waves away such prattle to dwell instead on a regret that has tugged at him all these years. "I wish I'd worked more on his serve," he says sadly. "But Ken had a good overhead smash, and I thought the serve would come naturally." Even with harder work, though, the father might have been disappointed, for Ken labors under the handicap of playing tennis right-handed while doing almost everything else, including throwing a ball, with his left. The serve being the tennis stroke closest to the throwing action, he fails to get the wrist snap that southpaw Laver, barely an inch taller and 10 pounds heavier, gets on his ripping serve.

Despite his feather-duster serve, Rosewall's ground strokes were awful enough that the Metropolitan Business College, which he attended for 18 months in all, never had a chance. Even before he enrolled at Metropolitan at 15, he was being touted as a certain champion. The fact that his childhood rival, Lew Hoad, also from Sydney and three weeks his junior, was receiving the same biling, simply made the future that much brighter for Australian tennis. As partners, Hoad and Rosewall wound up winning three legs of the Grand Slam in doubles in both 1953 and 1956 and powering Australia to Davis Cup triumphs over the U.S. in three out of four years. As opponents, they took turns beating each other, most notably when Hoad stood on the verge of a singles Slam in 1956 only to lose to Rosewall in the finals at Forest Hills.

Considering that they were sometimes called the Tennis Twins, the two could scarcely have been more different. Hoad had the rugged blond looks of a beach-boy. Rosewall the small, swarthy appearance of a Panamanian jockey. Hoad's style on the court was big and booming. Rosewall's all pit and put. Lew was outgoing. Kenny withdrawn. Ken worked for Slazengers, Lew for Dunlop, a competitor at the time although the

continued

# I. W. HARPER. THE IMPRESSION IS LIGHT.

***It has a liberated attitude.***

If you believe great bourbon has to taste heavy, you believe a myth. Because I. W. Harper is great bourbon that never tastes heavy. It always treats your taste light.



86 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey  
© I. W. Harper Distilling Co., Louisville, Ky.



# We build three different wagons exactly the same way. With plenty of room.



You see, we know everyone buys a wagon for the same basic reason. Room.

That's why every one of these wagons has room enough for 4' x 8' plywood sheets laid flat, with the tailgate closed.

And it's easy to use that huge cargo space because every one of these wagons comes with a 3-way tailgate. It opens down for things. Out for people. It even opens out with the glass up.

All these wagons offer 3-seat models too. In case you want to use that extra room for people instead of cargo.

And these wagons all offer an integrated air deflector to help keep dust off the rear window.

Then, if our wagons are so much alike, why do we build three different wagons?

Well, while everyone has the same needs in a wagon, not everyone has the same wants in a wagon.

So we build a Satellite wagon. A Fury wagon. And a Chrysler wagon.

Our mid-size Satellite wagon gives you plenty of room for knees and elbows. And a very comfortable interior.

If you want even more elbow room, look into our full-size Fury. Fury also has a power-operated tailgate window, standard. Satellite's is optional.

The Chrysler Town & Country is very simply one of the most luxurious wagons you can buy. It comes with simulated wood-grain appliqué on the body sides. Deep loop-pile carpeting covers not only the floor, but the cargo area as well. There's a plush all-vinyl bench seat with a fold-down center armrest. And a big 400-cubic inch V-8.

But whatever Chrysler-Plymouth wagon you get, you can be sure you're getting all the utility you need in a wagon.



Coming through with the kind of car America wants.



# Wildlife. Help keep it from being cancelled out.

Introducing the new Vanishing Wildlife checking account from National Boulevard Bank. Each check has a beautiful color illustration of one of our endangered species.

For every Vanishing Wildlife check you write, we will make a donation on behalf of the Illinois Wildlife Federation to the National Wildlife Federation, an organization dedicated to the preservation of wildlife.

You'll be helping a worthy cause while you enjoy all the advantages of a checking account. It helps you keep your budget in order by giving you an accurate record of where your money goes,

and how much. When tax time comes, you'll have the facts (and proof) you need for things like medical deductions. You can simplify saving by arranging for automatic transfer from your checking account to your savings account. Further, your checking is free when you keep your minimum daily balance at \$200 or more.

Open your Vanishing Wildlife checking account today. Call, visit, or write a Personal Banking Officer at National Boulevard—the only bank to offer this unique plan. You'll be helping the balance of nature while you balance your budget.

**NATIONAL BOULEVARD  
BANK OF CHICAGO**

400-410 N. Michigan Ave. • 233 E. Grand Ave.  
Phone 467-4000 Member FDIC

**Smog.  
Pollution.  
To top it all off,  
the laundry starched your shorts.**



**Kahlúa® Black Russian.  
Because you deserve  
something nice.**

Such a simple pleasure, requiring only an ounce of Kahlúa to two ounces of vodka on the rocks. Enjoy, you deserve it.

If you'd like a little more help from your friends, send for the Kahlúa recipe book. It's on the house.

Coffee Liqueur  
from  
Sunny Mexico



two firms have since merged. There is something else that set them apart: it was Rosewall who lasted. Although Hoad was considered the better prospect because of his big serve-and-volley game, he was slowed by injuries soon after turning pro in 1957 and has been in semi-retirement for the past six years.

Rosewall joined Jack Kramer's burn-storming pro troupe a few months before Hoad signed up, and Ken took his lumps at first from Pancho Gonzalez. But he improved quickly, both by sharpening his serve and by augmenting his superb baseline play with more aggressiveness at the net. Ironically, while many of the game's big hitters were busily damaging their back muscles or wrenching their elbows, Rosewall's measured style, involving less wear and tear, was probably prolonging his career. Touch wood (metal every where except Australia), but he has seldom suffered so much as a blister in tennis. Besides his hay fever, Rosewall used to be bothered by a form of eczema that caused bad rashes. The condition has all but cleared up, leading his rivals on the WCT tour to wonder if Rosewall has been consorting with the devil.

Another reason for such speculation is that three years ago Rosewall was assumed by many to have reached the end of the line. After open tennis arrived in 1968, he briefly played with inspiration, winning the very first open tournament, the British hard-court championships at Bournemouth, and followed by taking the French Open, too. Then he went into decline. Not only was Laver beating him—Laver, warming up for his Slam in 1969, was beating *everybody*—but so were some of the gifted upstarts, mere babes like Arthur Ashe, John Newcombe and Tony Roche, who had arrived all at once on the scene.

Although Laver was the ranking pro, it was Rosewall the newcomers were chiefly gunning for. "Some of us had played Laver when he was an amateur," Newcombe explains. "So we knew about him. But Muscles was new to us. It must have been tough on him. All of us were out to get him, and he had to learn how to play each of us one by one." For Rosewall, the low point came at Wimbledon in 1969 when, suffering as usual from hay fever, he lost in an early round to Boh Lutz, another of the tal-

## Decent Bloke

ented youngsters then emerging. "I was a little discouraged," Rosewall admits today. "Then I realized it was a mental thing. I knew I had no need to be nervous playing those guys. After all, I had already made my mark." He realized, in other words, that *they* were the ones who should be nervous.

Just as he had learned to live with the younger players, so Rosewall shrugs off the old jokes that are still tirelessly told about him, the gist being that he not only has short arms but deep pockets as well. There was the time when Pancho Segura, asked for his greatest thrill in tennis, convulsed everybody by saying it was the day Rosewall picked up the check. The other players from Australia, where buying a round of drinks is called a "shout," spread the word that "Muscles wouldn't shout if a shark bit him." And when the pro tennis players organized into an association in the early '60s, they carried the whole business to the point of unanimously electing Rosewall their treasurer.

The jokes persist to this day, and Rosewall gamely endures them. Entering the dressing room in the Philadelphia Spectrum, Tony Trabert spied his old rival and cried, "Hey, look at Muscles. He gets out his checkbook even before he puts on his shoes." Rosewall, clad only in trousers, had been arranging some things in his locker and, indeed, was holding a checkbook. He joined Trabert in laughter, then turned to a sportswriter who was present. "You weren't supposed to hear that," he said with mock severity.

It would have been too much to expect Rosewall, so economical in size and frugal in manner, to be any sort of free spender. "I come from an ordinary, hard-working middle-class family," Rosewall says. "I was taught to be thrifty." Yet even those who perpetuate the old jokes admit, when pressed, that Rosewall reaches for his share of checks. Tony Trabert was not present, but there was another revealing moment in Philadelphia, this one during a buffet dinner in the Blue Line, the Spectrum's private restaurant.

The tennis players were invited to the buffet as guests of the tournament sponsors, but Rosewall had neglected to pick

up the necessary ticket. When the waitress came by to collect, he might have said, as if he were talking his way past another of those dressing-room guards, "My name is Rosewall—I'm one of the tennis players." He might at least have tried to rustle up a free ticket. Instead, without fuss, Rosewall pressed a \$10 bill in the waitress' hand. "Is that enough?" he quietly asked. It was only by chance that a tournament official noticed and intervened to get back the \$10.

To those impressed by grand gestures and lots of noise, Rosewall will never measure up. Being a very decent little bloke, he remained stoically in character even during the adversity that dogged him after he lost to Laver in the finals in Philadelphia in February and set out for Toronto. Owing to bad weather and labor disputes, flights to Canada were being canceled left and right. Detouring to New York, Rosewall was stranded at Kennedy Airport. He arranged to spend the night at a friend's apartment in Manhattan, only to be kept awake all all hours by a crying baby.

It took 20 weary hours for Rosewall to reach Toronto. At one point in this ordeal, he had admitted to being "a little tired." At another, referring to all the plane cancellations, he had said, "I reckon that's what happens when you travel." There had been one other complaint, if you could call it that, at the very start of this journey, as Rosewall left the Spectrum bound for the Philadelphia airport. He rode in silence, no doubt replaying the finals in his mind. He had won the first set 6-4 and then, the victim of a couple of bad calls and some relentless shotmaking by Laver, lost the next three sets, each by 6-2 scores.

A letter to Wilma, ready for mailing, was in the pocket of his black raincoat. Rosewall gazed out the window at a junkyard piled high with pretzels cars, his face tightening in frustration. It was the look people get when they are about to scream, surely a forgivable thing to do when you are 37 years old, your family is 10,000 miles away and you may well have to play Rod Laver again next week. But Rosewall didn't scream. He did say something, but it was under his breath. It was a single word, uttered behind clenched teeth, in a guttural whisper. You had to strain to hear it.

"Blud,"

END

# Converse offers you the Lou Brock Player LT and the chance to go to baseball camp.

**Win 2 free weeks at a sports camp of  
your choice (basketball, baseball,  
tennis, etc.) or lessons from a local pro.**

Lou Brock designed "the closest thing to  
spikes" — a great baseball shoe that's a  
sneaker, too, with new lateral traction for  
better base running and fielding.

Try the Player LT at your Converse dealer's  
where you can get full details on our

contest. Since we don't sell Converse to  
every store, call this number for the  
name of your nearest dealer.

Call Toll Free 800-243-6000\*  
anytime. Dial as you normally  
dial long distance.

\*In Connecticut call  
1-800-682-6100



Selected by the  
U.S. Olympic Committee  
for 20 U.S. teams at the  
'72 Olympics in Munich.





# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## ABA EAST

Sirs:

Your April 17 article on the Nets (*Making a Point—Playground Style*) was beautiful. In that one article you gave the Nets more space than they have gotten in the three New York newspapers in the last five years. It was a good story, but Peter Carey failed to speak enough about the job Ollie Taylor and Billy Paulitz did on Kentucky's Artis Gilmore. He also omitted the fact that the 6' 2" Taylor dunked one over the 7' 2" Gilmore.

THOMAS CARR

Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

Thank you for recognizing and rewarding a fine young gentleman. John Roche convinced all of us in South Carolina years ago that he was to be a great one when he led the Gamecocks to three very successful, nationally ranked seasons. Because of John Roche and many of his contemporaries, Southern basketball at the prep and high school level has been on the rise. In years past the only boys who played basketball were the same boys who played football. Now there has been a movement to year-round basketball, and the caliber of the game has certainly improved. John Roche had quite an influence on many youngsters in our area, and we thank him.

LUGATON GRANTHAM

Easley, S.C.

Sirs:

A fine article on the brilliant young New York Nets. But even though John Roche was the star of the series, Trooper Washington was the inspiration. Through the six games he held Dan Issel, a 30.6-point-per-game scorer, to an average of 22.

MARF STEINMAN

Glen Cove, N.Y.

## ABA WEST

Sirs:

Two years ago Utah had the good fortune of having ABA basketball come to our state. During the first year the Utah Stars finished second in the Western Division. In the playoffs that year Utah walked over the Dallas Chaparrals, and beat the overpublicized Indiana Pacers, winning the seventh game in Indiana. The Stars then went on to beat the Kentucky Colonels for the ABA championship.

Once again this year the Stars' play has been fabulous. They won first place in the Western Division, then smeared the third-place Chaparrals in four straight. The Stars are now tied with Indiana for the chance to play for the 1972 ABA championship. It is

about time the Utah Stars got some sizable recognition.

TRACY BRANCH

Salt Lake City

## GERRY CANDIDATES

Sirs:

Congratulations on the fine article by Elliott Burch (*Diary of a Derby Horse*, April 17). You probably could not have chosen a better horseman, nor one with more journalistic acumen, to give your readers some insight into the hard work, hopes and frustrations of trainers everywhere. Now, if it just turns up muddy in Louisville, . . .

WILLIAM J. KAUF

Luthersville, Md.

Sirs:

Big Deal! So Riva Ridge can't run in the mud (*Now His Name Is Mud*, April 10). No Le Haze won the Louisiana Derby on a sloppy track after nearly being knocked down at the starting gate. After that performance he came to Oaklawn Park and beat Spanish Riddle and Haze's Image, the latter a better horse than most Triple Crown contenders. And yet in a four-page article you mentioned the Arkansas Derby and its \$100,000 purse only once. The winner of the Arkansas and Louisiana Derbies will get his true recognition on the first Saturday in May at Churchill Downs, come rain or shine (it makes no difference).

BRUCE OLIVER

Little Rock, Ark.

## POLLUTION CONTROL

Sirs:

The SCHREIBER item "Soak Punch" of the April 10 issue of *SPRINKLES* illustrated manages to convey in one sentence two major misstatements of significance about New York's water pollution program. You charge that Mrs. Donna Mitchell was acting on my behalf lobbying in Washington against strengthening amendments to the pending federal water quality bills and you describe New York as "a state with an abysmal record in pollution abatement."

In fact, New York State has done more to fight water pollution than any other state or the Federal Government. In the last five years we have committed over \$3 billion to build 348 projects to abate public water pollution. Last year alone we imposed over \$1 million in penalties on industrial polluters.

The most eloquent testimony to New York's leadership is the fact that the Federal Government owes the taxpayers of New York \$1.3 billion because we have had to prefinance its promised share of sewage treatment projects. That in fact was what Mrs. Mitchell was working for—to see that, in

addition to lofty goals, there was sufficient money in the bill to pay the Federal Government's past debts and allow it to be a full partner in the future.

Few other states have been willing to go ahead and not only pay their share but also carry most of the federal load as well. Thus, the description of New York's record as "abysmal" is a particularly gratuitous and patently erroneous insult to the people of this state, who have been willing to shoulder a heavy burden to achieve a quality environment while many others only talk.

HENRY L. DIAMOND

Commissioner

New York State Department of Environmental Conservation

Albany, N.Y.

● I did not charge Mrs. Mitchell with lobbying "against strengthening amendments" to the House water bill, but since the commissioner raises that point, we note here that she did her utmost to keep it in its present form. She told Representative John Dow of New York, "Don't offer any amendments. Don't change one word. We want that bill exactly as written." Commissioner Diamond's assertions about New York's role in fighting water pollution are self-serving. For example, the state's \$1 billion Pure Waters Bond Issue passed in 1965 has achieved nowhere near the success promised by Governor Rockefeller, who pledged that the waters of the state would be clean by 1972 regardless of what funding came from the Federal Government.—ED.

Sirs:

As a resident of New York I am upset to learn that a representative of the state's conservation commission was instrumental in the passing of an obviously inferior water-pollution control bill. One has only to look at the lower Hudson River to realize that more *stringent* regulations backed up by the threat of heavy fines and possible court action should be the order of the day. The very thought of abolishing existing laws seems to be a strange way of attacking the problem. Hopefully, more legislators of Representative John Dingell's persuasion will prevail.

W. R. McANDREW

Bronxville, N.Y.

## HAZEL WIGHTMAN

Sirs:

I just couldn't resist writing a fan letter to Melvin Maddocks for his article on Ha-

CONTRIBUTOR

## BRIGHT IDEAS FOR SPRINGTIME GIVING FROM PARKER

Just right for Weddings, Anniversaries, Graduations,  
Birthdays, Father's Day, Mother's Day and other happy times.



### PARKER UNIQUE DESK SET.

The sleek, sterling  
silver ball pen is embedded in  
a solid two-inch block of  
crystal-clear acrylic  
for home, office  
or desk. \$25.

**PARKER'S  
SOFT TIP FIBER  
TITANIUM.** Newest way to  
write. The only pen made of  
the lightweight metal  
of spacecrafts. Puts down a  
"clean, bold track without  
a smudge. Four colors—  
—other \$12.

**PARKER TIG RED.**  
A fine gift with just a whiff  
of sports. Now comes with a  
soft tip or ball point.  
Refills by cartridge in four  
vivid colors. \$5.

**PARKER'S  
CLASSIC-BALL.**  
Durable. Good looks.  
Guaranteed for life against  
defects. Ultra-soft 22K gold.  
Electroplated case.

Wrote up to three  
times longer than  
the ordinary  
ballpoint.  
\$9.50.

**PARKER'S PEN  
IN A PEN.**  
Pen options to  
fit the way he or  
she naturally holds a  
pen. Choice of cartridge  
or economical ballpoint.  
Four point sizes. Fine,  
medium, A, superbly  
personal gift. \$35.

 **PARKER**  
Writes a most written pen.



# Buick Skylark 350. The roof is on us.



**Buy a Skylark 350 specially equipped  
and we'll give you a sport vinyl top at no charge.**

**Buick Bargain Days.**

It means great deals on any new Buick that strikes your fancy.  
Take the Skylark 350 Sport Coupe.

If you see your dealer now, order your Skylark with some  
of the options you'd probably want anyway. Like a heavy-duty  
energizer for quick starts. A heavy-duty air cleaner.  
And special instrument gauges and clock.

You'll get the snappy sport vinyl top at no charge.

You'll also be getting a car that traditionally has had the highest  
resale value in its class. And that's saying a lot  
about its value right now.

And since it's a Buick, it's got the features that help make Buicks so easy  
to live with. Like a time-modulated choke for quick starts.

And a 350-cubic-inch engine that thrives on low-lead or no-lead gas.  
And other good things.

**Buick Bargain Days.**

**It means it's time to see your Buick dealer.**



If Jack Benny's impressed, shouldn't you be impressed?

# \$5.40 a month for \$25,000

**\$5.00 a month for \$25,000 at age 25.**

Read how young families can have an amount of protection they thought only older families could afford.

"Gee...why wasn't this available the first time I was 39?"



How can American Republic Insurance Company offer so much coverage at such remarkable rates?

1. Americare® 39 Life Insurance is sold direct by mail. This helps keep our rates low, because we don't have the costs of face-to-face selling.

2. The Americare 39 Plan is Term life insurance. It has no cash or loan value. It's designed simply to insure your life and pay your beneficiary.

Term life insurance provides more death benefit protection per premium dollar than other forms of individual and family life insurance.

There are many other attractive features of the Americare 39 Plan too.

#### Dividends.

Even though the premium rates for the Americare 39 Plan are low, the plan makes provision for the payment of dividends.

Of course, the dividends can't be guaranteed. No insurance plan can do that.

But because this is individual life insurance, designed to be sold at low cost to great numbers of people, we anticipate that we will be able to pay dividends.

#### No physical.

All you do is answer the two questions about health history on the application form below.

This doesn't mean that everybody gets a policy just because they answered the questions. If people are in bad health, we can't insure them. But most people are in good enough health to qualify.

#### Conversion Privilege.

At any time up to age 65, you can convert your policy to a low-cost plan with cash and loan values—without a physical and regardless of your health. At age 65, the plan converts to a \$1,370 Whole Life Plan.

We guarantee your right to renew your policy each year. Your protection can never be cancelled because of your age or a change in your physical condition.

#### Coverage for women.

A woman can have the same coverage as a man, but at a 10% lower rate. Or, if she's a wife, she can have \$2,500 of protection for herself added to her husband's policy—at a very low cost per month.

#### Children too.

A single premium of \$40 a month can provide \$4000 coverage for each of your children under age 21—no matter how many children you have. Each insured child is *guaranteed* insurable for \$25,000 at age 21.

#### No risk to you.

You can examine your Americare 39 policy without risking a cent. Just fill out the application and mail it in an envelope.

*Please do not send any money.*

When you receive your policy, you'll see for yourself that it backs up everything we've said.

Then—and only then—mail us your first month's premium in the envelope enclosed with your policy.

When we receive your premium, your insurance will be in force.

#### Can you feel safe buying insurance this way?

Some insurance programs do call for the advice and counsel of a professional insurance agent. His services can be invaluable in areas relating to the complex problems of estate planning, annuities, trusts, etc.

However, where the need is for pure and simple Term life insurance, you can feel absolutely confident dealing directly by mail with American Republic.

And remember, American Republic is fully licensed and regulated by your state Insurance Department.

#### How can you lose?

Nothing in the application does not obligate you in any way. Mail your application today!

Watson Powell, Jr., Chairman,  
American Republic Insurance Company

**JACK BENNY.** "America's Number One Comedian Sings Favorites" is helping American Republic Insurance Company announce Americare 39. American Republic was founded in 1929 and has surplus to policyholders of more than \$22,000,000 and assets of more than \$80,000,000. The operations of the company—American Republics—have been well managed by capable and experienced executives. The results achieved by the company have been very favorable. This is a direct quote from A. M. Best's Life Insurance Reports—the book that has been referred to as "the bible" of the life insurance industry.



# at age 30.

**\$8.60 a month for \$25,000 at age 39.**

## Benefits and Rates

Through age 39 the principal coverage remains \$25,000 while your premium goes up slightly every year. After age 39 the coverage decreases every year but your premium remains the same.

Age	Death benefit	Single premium	Annual premium	Monthly premium
18	\$25,000	\$4.50	\$0	\$4.51
19	25,000	4.60	41	
20	25,000	4.70	42	
21	25,000	4.80	43	
22	25,000	4.90	44	
23	25,000	5.00	45	
24	25,000	5.00	45	
25	25,000	5.00	45	
26	25,000	5.10	46	
27	25,000	5.20	47	
28	25,000	5.20	47	
29	25,000	5.30	48	
30	25,000	5.40	49	
31	25,000	5.50	50	
32	25,000	5.70	53	
33	25,000	5.90	56	
34	25,000	6.20	56	
35	25,000	6.60	59	
36	25,000	7.00	63	
37	25,000	7.40	67	
38	25,000	7.90	71	
39	25,000	8.60	77	
40	23,936	9.00	81	
41	22,059	9.00	92	
42	20,270	9.00	100	
43	18,595	9.00	109	
44	17,176	9.00	118	
45	15,845	9.00	128	
46	14,516	9.00	140	
47	13,215	9.00	153	
48	12,097	9.00	167	
49	11,084	9.00	183	
50	10,135	9.00	200	
51	9,299	9.00	218	
52	8,523	9.00	238	
53	7,785	9.00	260	
54	7,120	9.00	284	
55	6,522	9.00	310	
56	5,968	9.00	339	
57	5,474	9.00	370	
58	5,045	9.00	401	
59	4,658	9.00	435	
60	4,302	9.00	471	
61	3,961	9.00	511	
62	3,647	9.00	555	
63	3,363	9.00	602	
64	3,099	9.00	654	
65	Converts to \$1,370 Whole Life Plan			

The complete description of all the provisions and benefits of the American 39 Plan is in the policy. This plan is available only to persons age 18 through 64 and in the face amounts shown above. Not available to residents of Pennsylvania, and persons outside the U.S.

## Here is your Application for Americare 39 Life Insurance:

Policy Form A39

Please answer every question. Send no money! No salesman will call.

It's easy! Just fill out the application being sure to answer every question. Date and sign it cut along the dotted line and mail it to:

American Republic Insurance Company  
P.O. Box 10  
Des Moines, Iowa 50301

**LIFE INSURANCE APPLICATION** I hereby apply to American Republic Insurance Company, Des Moines, Iowa, for life insurance to be issued in pursuance of this application and represent that the answers herein are complete and true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Principal Insured Last Name First Name Initial of

Male Female Social Security Number Birth Date / / Month Day Year Age last Birthday Height ft in Weight lbs

Do you desire dependents coverage? Yes No If "yes"

Fill in blanks below

Residence

Address Street or R.F.D. City State Zip Code

Beneficiary Last Name First Name Initial of Relationship

For Missouri applicants only: Any policy of insurance issued upon this application shall be considered a Missouri contract and its terms shall be construed in accordance with the laws of the state of Missouri unless otherwise specified herein by the applicant.

Dividend Option: (Please Select One) Reduced Premium

Paid in Cash left or interest A dividend option to purchase paid-up insurance is available upon conversion.

Will this policy, if issued, replace or change any other insurance in this or any other company? If "yes," enclose details Yes No

A. Within the last 3 years have you been disabled or suffered from any disease or received medical or surgical treatment or advice for any condition not listed below, or is there any kind of medication which you have taken within the last 12 months? Yes No

B. Have you been told or had reason to suspect that you have had Heart Trouble, High Blood Pressure, Albumin, Pus or Sugar in Urine, Cancer or Tumor, Nervous Disorder, Ulcer, or Back Disorder? Yes No

Give full details to each part of Question A or B to which the answer is yes.

Condition—Give date, duration and severity

Names and addresses of each physician, hospital, etc.

Please fill in these blanks to insure wife and/or children if children are to be covered, wife (if living in home) must also be covered

Name	Relationship	Date of Birth	Is good health? If not explain

If room space is needed use separate sheet and enclose it with this application as an exhibit.

As part of our underwriting procedure, a routine inquiry may be made which will provide applicable information concerning character, general reputation, personal characteristics and mode of living. Upon written request, additional information as to the nature and scope of the inquiry, if one is made, will be provided.

**AUTHORIZATION** I hereby authorize any physician, hospital, clinic, insurance company or other organization, institution or person that has any records or knowledge of me, or any family member listed above, with reference to health and medical treatment, to give to American Republic Insurance Company or its authorized representative any and all information with reference to health and medical history and any hospitalization, advice, diagnosis, treatment, disease or ailment. A photographic copy of this authorization shall be as valid as the original.

Signature Date

A39 86-05-17-2-8830-43-00

**CHILDREN:** A single premium of \$66 a month can provide \$1000 coverage for each of your children under age 21—no matter how many children you may have. Each insured child is guaranteed insurable for \$25,000 coverage at age 21.



## How to frolic with mermaids & get a fine Swiss Diver's Watch for just \$9.95.

Most of us have physical stamina and spiritual strength in dot with our mind and camera. You sleek-minded youths in exploration of freshwater water domain. Not only, slightly bewitched, and on your terms, you may participate (at least vicariously) in romantic underwater exploits by donning HAVENHILL'S WATCH. This remarkable Swiss timepiece features luminous dual sweep-second, taped time applicator, calendar, steel body, tropical strap and one heavenly polished jewel. See first HAVENHILL'S at \$36.95, but today—swept up in a tide of good fellowship—it's just \$9.95—a laughable bargain.

And that isn't all! We'll send you our color full-page catalog and a \$2 Gift Certificate. You may return HAVENHILL'S in two weeks for full refund (not delayed) (and still remain our friend). And it is guaranteed one year for manufacturer's defects (we repair or replace free, of course, only charge you for postage and handling). So, for a reliable good looking watch that you don't have to take off in shower, bathtub, pool or sauna, and with which you may even gamble in Neptune's realm, of mermaid, stingray and octopus, get your name, address and zip on the margin, send us your check for \$10.95 (\$9.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and insurance)—below Coastlines please add another \$5.50 for shipping in Sacramento and we shall float that HAVENHILL'S right out to you.

# havenhills

583 Washington, San Francisco 94111

50551

## 19TH HOLE

of West Virginia close to Washington. But the Charles, a name derived from the owner, Charles Levine, a gentleman in his 90s for whom this Pittsburgh farm club was purchased by his loving son Bob, are located in the capital city of West Virginia, Charleston. Charleston possesses one of the finest minor league fields in the nation in Watt Powell Park, a fact verified by many baseball executives and players.

We have much to be proud of in West Virginia in spite of the often embarrassing stories that appear in the news media. We are especially proud of our mountain scenery and scenery and of our wonderful capital city. With this goes pride in the Charleston Charles and Bruce Kison.

Incidentally, are you aware that Rennie Stennett, who helped lead the Pirates' drive to the world championship, also was called up from Charleston? Please let the world know via your wide circulation that there is a ball club known as the Charleston Charles, and it is located in one of the nicest areas in the world!

BRUCE KISON  
Station Manager and  
Sports Director  
WCBS

Charleston, W. Va.

## ALI IN TOKYO

Sirs:

Your article on the Ali-Foster fight (*Not Only Foster Got Stung*, April 10) was an injustice to a fine man and boxer. Ali has proven himself a capable man in the ring in all of his fights, even against the pretentious champion, Frazier. Ali has not dodged anyone, as Frazier has, and yet Frazier gets all the glory while Ali gets all the criticism! When Ali knocks a man out, it is said that the fight should never have come about, and when Ali fails to knock the man out, then the writers say that he has gotten old and stony. No matter what Ali does, he just can't seem to satisfy you sportswriters.

Ali has brought back the interest in boxing that had died with the retirement of Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano. Ali is the greatest and he always will be!

LAWRENCE B. SHULTZ

St. Louis

Sirs:

I am sure the Japanese will not be hampered by one ho-hum fight. More exposure to Ali is worth a \$10 ticket. My only doubts lie with SE. Will you guys ever forgive him for losing the big one? What does everyone want, a five-round dance and then a corpse?

JOHN PACE

Columbus, Ohio

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

## EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,  
TIME & LIFE Building,  
Rockefeller Center,  
New York, New York 10020

Time Inc. also publishes *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune*, and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the *International Editors* of *Time*. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Hessel; Vice Chairman of the Board and Chairman of the Finance Committee, Roy E. Larsen; President, James R. Shepley; Chairman of the Executive Committee, James A. Lensen; Executive Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Rhea Austell, Arthur W. Keylor; Secretary and Vice President—Administration, Charles H. Bear; Vice President—Corporate & Public Affairs, Donald M. Wilson; Vice Presidents, R. M. Buckley, Richard M. Clurman, Otto Fuchsbirger, Charles L. Glendon, Jr., John L. Hallenbeck, John F. Harvey, Peter S. Hopkins, Henry Luce III, Herbert D. Schultz, Ira R. Slaughter, Kelso F. Sutton, Arthur H. Thornhill, Jr., Garry Valk, Barry Zorthian; Vice President—Finance and Treasurer, Richard B. McKeough; Asst. Treasurers, J. Winston Franklin, N. J. Nicholas, Jr.; Comptroller, David H. Dolben; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Comptroller, William E. Bishop; Asst. Secretary, P. Peter Sheppe.

## Sports Illustrated SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

- To write about your subscription (change of address, billing, adjustment, complaint or to order), write to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 741 North Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. 60610. For R. Knight, Vice President. *Address printed below is filled in space below. It will help us identify you and answer it.*
- To order a new subscription, check box, new journal. Use term below for your address. Mail to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, it address given above. Subscription price in U.S. and Canada, \$6.00 a year. Outside U.S. and Canada, \$10.00 a year. Orders placed outside U.S. and Canada, \$10.00 a year.

## ATTACH LABEL HERE WITH ALL INQUIRIES

When you are moving, please give us four weeks notice. Print your name and new address and Zip Code number below and mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE** at address given above. Please note your telephone number below.

Name		
Address		
City	State	Zip Code
Telephone, Number		

# What Ham did for Virginia, Old Crow did for Bourbon.

Even before Virginia's George Washington became President, Virginia was famous for the good taste of her country hams. Not long after, the good taste of Old Crow made Bourbon famous.

Before 1835, Bourbon was made every which way. That year, Dr. James Crow took it out of the hit-or-miss league and created the process that gave Bourbon its mellow taste—and good name: Old Crow.



\* OLD CROW STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 80 PROOF, 4.5 QUART, BOTTLED AT THE FARM—OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.

The latest gimmick at Maxine's Massage Parlor is to offer customers her own brand of roll-your-own filter cigarettes.

Now everybody will be smoking Maxine's roll-your-own filter cigarettes ...almost everybody.



©1972 R. J. REYNOLDS, Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

**Camel Filters.**  
**They're not for everybody.**  
(But then, they don't try to be.)

